

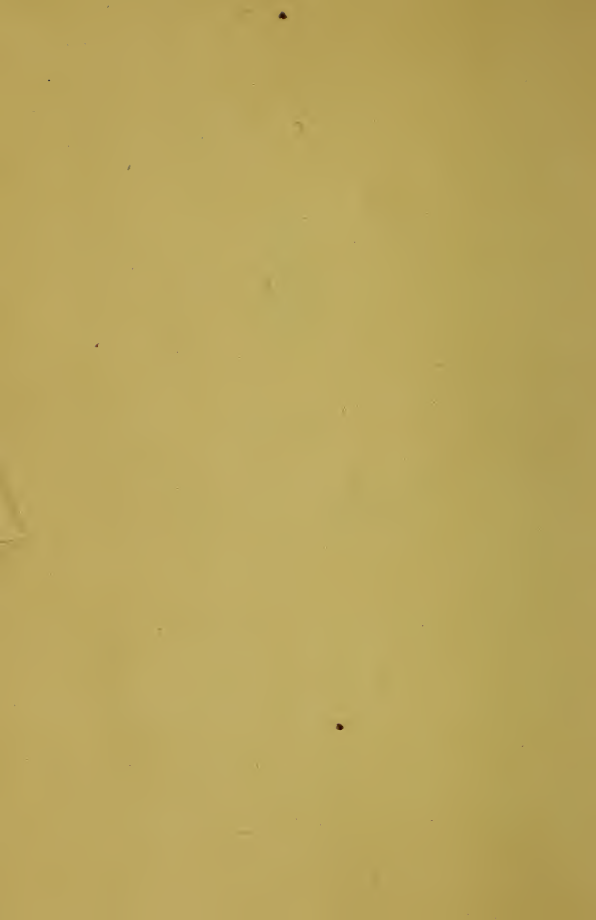


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SMILES AND TEARS;

OR

Sketches from Real Life.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.,

Author of "Gallery of Distinguished Men," &c.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

REV. W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

FIRST SERIES.

TORONTO:

HUNTER, ROSE & CO.

1879.

*Sold at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal,
and Halifax.*

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY
HUNTER, ROSE & Co.,
TORONTO.

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PREFACE.

IT has often been said, that truth is stranger than fiction. All fiction professes to be truthful, though it is to be feared that this is only partially correct, as fictitious writers often caricature, when they profess to portray. Many books of fiction are made up of chaff in which only a few grains of wheat are concealed. No book should be read, if it has not a good moral tendency. Juvenile criminals have often charged their ruin upon immoral books.

All the Sketches contained in this little book are narratives of persons and events, well known to the writer. He has given fic-

titious names to persons and places, but these are all the liberties he has taken. All that is herein narrated is true to the letter : nothing is stated but what really occurred.

The writer believes that the reading of his little book will do good. For this purpose he has written it, and prays that it may accomplish the end intended.

E. B.

INTRODUCTION.

THE proper study of mankind is man, is an aphorism of profoundest wisdom.

The virtues of the good are an incentive to duty. The vices and follies of the wicked are beacons against sin. In this volume, the writer has given examples of parties, that are an inspiration to a holier life, and examples of evil, that are a warning of its awful retributions. Few persons have better opportunities of observing the varied phases of life—tragic or humorous, grave or gay—than a Methodist minister. He has peculiar facilities for prosecuting this “proper study of mankind,”

among both the lofty and lowly, the cultured and the unrefined.

The author of this volume, with powers of observation of unusual acuteness, possesses powers of description of unusual vividness. He presents here a sheaf from the gleanings of a lengthened observation and experience. It will be found to contain, intermingled with flowers of fancy, wholesome herbs of grace, together with the fine wheat of true wisdom. It will, we doubt not, benefit both head and heart, and instruct and edify while it will greatly entertain.

W. H. WITHROW, M. A.

TORONTO, June, 1878.

SMILES AND TEARS;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HAPPY PILGRIM.

EVERYBODY wants to be happy. Many, however, adopt strange methods to reach the goal on which they have set their affections. We should suppose that if our fellow-men would but calmly think what they are doing, a moment's reflection would convince them that they could sooner gather figs from thistles, than they could obtain true, abiding enjoyment, by the pursuits which they are following. Dr. Young says :—

“Honour, wealth, and pleasure,
Are three demons which torment mankind.”

And yet it is a melancholy fact, that these are the objects, the possession of which is supposed to contain those elements which will give happiness. It is well known that all these are difficult to acquire, but far worse to retain, and when enjoyed to the greatest extent, they leave a vacuum, which makes the possessor say with Solomon, “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.”

Where, then, can true happiness be found? The Bible tells us “Happy is the man that findeth wisdom.” The blessedness of such a man may be seen by reading Proverbs iii : 13-18. Of such an one we might well say, as did the Royal Psalmist, “Happy are the people that are in such a case, yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.” It is the business of the pulpit to clearly explain that the possession of the religion of the Bible, is the only satisfying portion that mortal man can possess. But how often do we find that even intelligent persons act as though

youth was the period of pleasure, manhood the time for business, and old age the season for religious enjoyment. But can a greater absurdity be entertained?

We are afraid that young people especially judge of religion from what they see in some of those who profess to enjoy it, rather than from the description which is given respecting it in the Holy Scriptures. We frankly confess that we would not like to form an opinion of religion from what we have seen in the conduct of some who call themselves Christians. Their conversation is not always such as becometh the Gospel. They are not upright in their dealings. They are selfish and petulant, and easily offended. They will take advantage of the necessities of others, when they can gain a few dollars by doing so.

And even of those who would not be guilty of such acts of delinquency as those mentioned, how many of them are full of complainings. They are full of fears and anxieties, and seldom speak but in a groaning

manner, and imagine that nobody has such afflictions to bear as fall to their lot. If you were to believe them, you might suppose they have to carry the burdens of ten thousand persons upon their shoulders. If they relate their religious experience in Love-feast or Class-meeting, they will detail temptations minutely, explain the many heavy crosses which they have to carry, and make out to their own complete satisfaction, that this world is indeed full of briars and thorns ; but hardly will they say one word about their delight in the Lord, their love to the ordinances of religion, and the sweet enjoyments of which they partake, while they participate in the communion of saints, or stand on Pisgah's Mount and view by faith the goodly land, which they expect to enjoy when the Lord calls them to enter into rest.

We feel sure that the friends of whom we thus write do not intend to do any harm to religion. They would shudder at the very idea of presenting a false portraiture of the heaven-born principle. But they have un-

happily acquired the bad habit of complaining and whining, and the things of this life have occupied so much of their attention, while their heavenly Father has in mercy disappointed their expectations in respect to wealth and position, hence they have imperceptibly learned the habit of grumbling and murmuring, instead of "rejoicing in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."—Rom. v : 3-5.

There have, however, been a good many Christian professors who were really happy. You could read it in their looks. You could hear it in their words. Indeed, their whole life was made up of sunshine. Let the reader reflect for a moment, and we are much mistaken if he cannot call up before his mind the names of a goodly number of persons in different positions in society, who were true Israelites, real saints, persons who, though

they had all the frailties of human nature, were still exemplary in their lives, for they lived to do good, and they certainly did "deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God."

It is a source of unspeakable pleasure to us, that, though we have been pained to witness some fearful exhibitions of moral delinquency, we have known hundreds of whose deportment we were never ashamed, and whose lives were a constant pursuit of holiness. The light in them did shine, and all who knew them took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. The remaining portion of our present chapter will briefly delineate one of those full-orbed Christians, who was truly a happy man, and was honoured of God in turning many to righteousness.

PHILIP PAUL BLISS is the person to whom we refer, and as we only had the pleasure of being associated with him for a few days

Sunday School Parliament in 1875, we must necessarily be indebted to others for

most of the facts and incidents which we shall relate ; but of their accuracy we have not the slightest doubt. Our readers will remember that Mr. Bliss met with his death at the Ash-tabula catastrophe in December, 1875, about six months after we had formed his acquaintance, and anticipated the pleasure of many other interviews. But, alas ! we shall see him and his sainted wife no more, until, like them, we cross over Jordan and enter the new Jerusalem, where we doubt not “ they are waiting and watching ” for their fellow-travellers from whom they are now separated for a season.

At the time of his death, this happy Christian was only thirty-eight years of age, so that he had not a long term of probation ; but he served his generation faithfully, and then fell asleep in Jesus. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and had not many school advantages in youth. Both his parents were pious, so that he was instructed in the ways of righteousness.

If it be true “ that poets are born, not made,” then undoubtedly P. P. Bliss was a

born poet, as at an early period of life he manifested a passion for music. He never saw a piano until he was ten years of age, and when he heard the sound of the music which it sent forth, as it was being played by a lady, he was irresistibly drawn into the house from whence he heard the sweet sounds. When the lady stopped playing, he exclaimed, "Oh ! lady, play some more." She was amazed when he thus spoke, for she was not aware that anyone was listening, when, to her surprise, she beheld a full-grown boy standing at the parlour door barefooted, and she spoke to him in a manner of which she must often afterwards have felt ashamed, for she said, "Go out of here with your great feet," and he went away crushed in spirit. His life in youth was one of hard toil, as he worked on farms and at saw-mills ; but being desirous of obtaining an education, he took care of his small earnings, and embraced every opportunity that presented itself to get knowledge, and such was the proficiency which he made that he became a school

teacher before he had reached his twenty-fifth year.

All this while, the instruction and example of his parents had kept him from gross sins, and he became a member of a Christian church. He became acquainted with an excellent lady, whom he married in early manhood, and never regretted taking that important step, as he found his wife to be a real helpmate in every respect ; and speaking of his marriage, he always said, "it was the very best thing he could have done." Young men had better make a note of this. He did not wait until he was rich before he married, as he was not worth more than fifty dollars at the time ; but the possession of riches never made any person happy. He devoted himself diligently to working on the farm for such wages as he could secure, and at every interval he sought to make himself better qualified for being a teacher of music, for which fine accomplishment, he had already given evidence that he possessed more than ordinary ability. W. B. Bradbury, the distingu-

ished composer of Sunday School music, was of great benefit to him at this time, as he encouraged him to cultivate his musical talent. He was desirous to attend a Normal Academy of Music, but not having the necessary means, he was afraid that he would be compelled to abandon the idea, and even wept as he thought of the lack of means ; but, just then, a kind lady seeing his sorrow, came to his assistance, and Grandma Allen, as she was called, furnished him with the required amount—thirty dollars—and for the next six weeks he studied night and day at the Normal Academy, and thus became qualified for the great work in which he spent the rest of his days, until he went to sing, in the upper sanctuary, the song of Moses and the Lamb. Little did that dear old lady know what a boon she was conferring upon the world, by thus advancing Mr. Bliss the sum of thirty dollars, and little does anyone know how much good they may be the means of accomplishing, when they speak a kind word, or perform a kind act to a person who is struggling to make himself of use to his generation.

Mr. Bliss now became a professional music teacher. He quaintly said, "Old Fanny (a horse) and a twenty dollar melodeon furnished by Mr. Young set me up in the profession." He was industrious and frugal in the use of means, and in a few years earned sufficient to provide a little cottage for his aged parents, and when they were brought to it, the dear old man addressed him and said, "Phil, I never expected to have so good a home on earth as this." Mr. Bliss loved his parents, who belonged to the most rigid of the Puritans, and of them he often said, "I thank God for a godly ancestry."

Mr. Bliss still worked as a farm labourer when not engaged with his musical duties. He became a composer of music, and such was his success, that for twelve years he produced some most thrilling pieces, which will be sung in many lands for generations yet to come. Mr. G. F. Root, the publisher of music in Chicago, became acquainted with Mr. Bliss and took him into his employ. This was the reason of his removal to the west

where a still larger field of usefulness opened before him. He became known henceforth as the leading person in Sunday School and other Conventions, where his musical talents tended so much to give additional interest to those gatherings. His wife accompanied him in all his wanderings, which not only added greatly to his comfort, but also made the gatherings more potent for good. When not holding conventions, they would sojourn in Chicago, and labour on the Sabbath in Sunday Schools, and when he became acquainted with Mr. Moody, he assisted him with his evangelistic services. For a considerable time, also, he was the leader of the choir in the first Congregational Church in that city, where his labours were duly appreciated by the esteemed Pastor and the congregation. Here he was abundantly useful, and became still better prepared for the evangelistic labours on which he was soon to enter with Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, and others.

It was mainly through Mr. Moody that Mr. Bliss became a singing evangelist, and it

is worthy of remark, that when Mrs. Bliss became acquainted with Mr. Moody's wishes, she said, "I am willing that Mr. Bliss should do anything that we can be sure is the Lord's will, and I can trust the Lord to provide for us ; but I don't want him to take such a step simply on Mr. Moody's will." There was much time spent in prayer before he would embark in such an enterprise, and not until he felt satisfied that it was the will of God, could he be prevailed upon to give his consent.

At length the final step was taken, and Major Whittle, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, went forth on evangelistic tours, visiting various towns and cities in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Alabama, and Georgia. In all these States, where they sojourned for a few days, they were made abundantly useful among all classes. His songs, "Almost Persuaded," and "Saved by the Blood of the Crucified One," were the means of bringing many to accept salvation, and live devoted to God.

“Hold the Fort” was composed and sung during his evangelistic tours, and the fame which it has attained, inasmuch as it and several others of his songs are being sung in China, Japan, India and Africa, and, indeed, in every part of the world, is sufficient proof of their popularity. Probably never, in the history of mankind, has the power of music been so much appreciated as in these latter days ; it has been so nobly utilized by Messrs. Bliss, Sankey, Sherwin, Phillips, and others.

Our limited space forbids us to dwell at greater length on this part of our subject. By means of the extensive publications with which the names of Messrs. Bliss and Sankey are associated, their songs are well known, for both in Britain and America numerous editions of their song-books have been sold ; and now you cannot go into a house which contains a musical instrument, but there will be found one or more of their musical books, while in all the churches, which for generations past have sung the good old Psalms of David, you may hear some of those soul-in-

spiring songs, which have thrilled the hearts of thousands as they were first sung by their respective authors.

It was a great sacrifice to Mr. Bliss to be thus engaged in evangelistic labours, as he could only be at his home with his family for a few days at rare intervals, and when those periods of sojourn at home with his children came round, he was as full of joy as any of his little folks. He always took care to remember the loved ones at home, and on his return he would bring with him some mementoes as proofs of his affection for them. He was never melancholy. He dwelt in the region of joy, and scattered seeds of kindness in every place where he might take up his abode for a shorter or a longer period. This was one grand secret of his success. He was never gloomy, never misanthropic, but always cheerful. His bright, happy face was enough to make gloom disappear, and when he would speak a few words in connection with any song which he was about to sing, his words

would send such a thrill of delight through the audience, that would make every one feel delighted. Sometimes he would say a few words about the love of Jesus, and entreat his hearers there and then to embrace the Saviour, until all would be deeply affected, and then he would touch the instrument, and send forth such a volume of sound as would make every one feel in sympathy with him. No one can conceive the power which he thus wielded over an audience, unless they had been present and witnessed it for themselves. We confess that we never witnessed anything equal to the magnetism which he possessed. Never, while memory retains its seat, can we forget the thrilling effect produced by him and Mrs. Bliss singing, "Waiting and Watching for Me." It was soul-inspiring. And the delightful music which they sung as well as the manner in which they performed this important part of Christian worship, contributed much towards the success of the meetings which they attended in the various

States of the Union. Sometimes he would sing at the bedside of the afflicted, and not a few who were prevented taking part in the public services, were cheered by hearing a few of his songs as they lay on their beds of pain. During one of his visits to Jackson, where the Michigan State prison is located, he spent some hours, on two different Sabbaths, in singing and talking to the eight hundred inmates of that lonely place. The scene, as described by an eye-witness was an affecting one, for not only were the songs which he selected well adapted for the occasion, but the few sentences which he spoke seemed to be made up of the most choice words ; and as he spoke, at least two-thirds of the men were broken down by the reality of the things of God. Wherever Mr. Bliss was he seemed to have an idea that he must be about his Master's business, and that he must either be singing or speaking for Jesus. Every service seemed to be better than the preceding. To those who were more closely identified

with him, it now seemed as though he had some premonitions of his departing end ; as there was an increasing solemnity in his manner and the songs which he preferred, as "Waiting and Watching," "I know not the hour that my Lord may come," and "Eternity,"—all seemed to indicate that he was ripening for his eternal home. Dear man, his conversation was in heaven. He was a real Beulah Christian.

We will not occupy the reader's attention with details respecting the disaster by which this blessed man was ushered into eternity. This scene is too harrowing, and was done sufficiently at the time of the occurrence. Our object is to make our readers resolve that they will emulate the example of the noble man who is the theme of our present paper ; and, therefore, while the catastrophe might be considered a fruitful theme of contemplation under other circumstances, we shall pass it by with the single remark, that while there may be something about it which is dark and mysterious to us, we know

that God makes no mistakes. He is too wise to err, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

Philip Paul Bliss lived in constant readiness for death. He set the Lord before him. He daily acted so that he might be ready whenever his Lord should come. This was why his songs and conversation were so much about heaven. He looked forward to that as his final home, and all that he did upon earth was a preparation for that eternal dwelling-place. Not that he was anxious to depart thither; he was content to remain here if he could prevail with others to love Jesus. He did not belong to the class of persons who find nothing but trials and sorrows in this life; while he knew that life was a warfare, he had the assurance that it was something more than this, and while he was misrepresented, and sometimes had his motives impugned, he still went on his way rejoicing in the God of his salvation, because he knew that in all that he did, he strictly laboured to keep a con-

science void of offence. He was no expediency man, but a man of uprightness, who always acted according to the golden rule laid down by Jesus Christ.

When he became a singing evangelist, his profession was yielding him a handsome revenue, sometimes more than an hundred dollars per week, and yet he relinquished these emoluments, and embarked on a career in which there was no certainty as to what should be the amount of his income. Mr. Moody said that the royalty on the "Gospel Hymns" amounted to \$60,000, and he pressed upon Mr. Bliss that he should take \$5,000 of this amount and provide himself with a home; but he promptly declined the offer, as they had previously agreed that the profits of that book should be expended in benevolence, and he was sure if his Master could go without a home, he could, until some other way should open for him to secure it. On another occasion, he had prepared a book of music for publication, on which a publisher said he was sure that the

book would have netted at least \$10,000 or \$12,000 ; but as Mr. Moody wished him to prepare, jointly with Mr. Sankey, a volume specially for revival services, he gave up his own wishes, and at once complied with Mr. Moody's request, and transferred all his songs and music to the new book. Thus it will be seen, that money-making was not the object of his life.

Another feature in his character is worthy of special remembrance at the present day, when the managers of all benevolent societies know not what plans to adopt, that they may have sufficient means to meet the pressing calls for help that are constantly reaching them. He had a fund into which he always put a proportion of his earnings. It is not known on what scale he made those deposits, but doubtless not less than one-tenth of all his receipts were put into the Lord's treasury, and on no account would he at any time make any drafts thereon, except for purely benevolent purposes. His pastor in Chicago said he knew that, on some occasions,

Mr. Bliss put as much as \$1,000 in six months into the Lord's fund, and that many were the gifts with which he entrusted him to distribute among the poor as he went abroad on pastoral duties. When any one expressed surprise at the munificence of his gifts, he would reply that God was very good to him, and that he never lacked.

Is not such conduct worthy of emulation? We believe that, if all Christians would act on this principle, there would be no lack of funds to carry on all the enterprises of the church. We never hear ministers and others having to beg and coax their people by all kinds of means for money but we feel ashamed. We remember how Christians in the olden times dedicated their property to the Lord. We read of Abraham, and Jacob and others, vowing that if the Lord prospered them in the way in which they were going, they would give one-tenth to Him. In the New Testament we are commanded to "lay by us in store as the Lord has prospered us." But how few do this? Mr. Bliss and some other eminent Christians have acted accord-

ing to this noble rule, but we fear that the great majority of Christians have not yet duly considered the question, "How much owest thou unto my Lord?"

There are some whom we know, and we believe if the truth was known respecting them, it would be seen that the amount spent by them on *tobacco* alone, far exceeds all their contributions for the Lord's cause. How such persons can reconcile their proceedings with the divine law we know not ; but when they are appealed to for any benevolent purpose, they will complain of their poverty, or say they have so many calls, and express their wonder how it is that there are so many demands for money. Proportionate giving would remedy many of the most distressing evils which now exist, and would leave ministers and others more at liberty to devote themselves to spiritual labours, which are now greatly hindered by reason of so much time and energy having to be consumed in devising schemes to provide the ways and means for the purposes of the church. Oh ! for a race of such men as Philip Paul Bliss.

CHAPTER II.

THE DUTIFUL SON.

“HONOUR thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” This is the fifth commandment of the decalogue, and is the first which contains a promise. Solomon, the wise king, has said, “Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother, for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.” The history of mankind abounds with instances which prove the truth of these passages of Scripture. The success which has crowned many in the various walks of life can be attributed to their faithful obedience to parental counsel. The writer once visited a gentleman of considerable social distinction, whose name was revered in the locality in which

he resided, and on asking respecting his health, and that of his brother, who, like himself, abounded in good works, he said, they were both cast down, as they had recently lost their head. The venerable father of these excellent men had died a few days before, at the advanced age of ninety years. Both the gentlemen in question had been members of the British House of Commons, and one of them sustained that important position at the time of our visit; but so much were they under the influence of their father, that neither of them would consent to occupy the onerous position until he had given his consent for them to do so.

Of course, such remarkable instances of filial obedience are not common, for, generally, when persons leave their parental abode, they no longer consider themselves under obligation to follow the instruction of their father, as in days gone by; but young men would do well to remember that their parents are necessarily persons of more experience than they can be, and

though aged persons may be less speculative and enterprising than those of fewer years, still, the caution of the former, blended with the bold, daring conduct of the latter, will always be considered by prudent men as being likely to ensure success. We have known some come to ruin by not taking heed to parental counsel, and not a few, who are now outcasts from the abodes of civilization, can trace their downfall to the same cause.

We want in this chapter to portray the career of a youth, with whom we were personally acquainted, and of whose course in life we had an intimate knowledge for more than a quarter of a century. He was the child of poor parents, and, like the rest of his compeers, was sent at an early age to earn his livelihood by performing manual labour in a coal mine. He was one of several brothers who followed similar avocations. His father was also a coal miner, and the amount of wages which he and his sons were accustomed to earn in the course of a fortnight,

when their wages were paid, was regarded as amply sufficient for the maintenance of the family in comparative comfort. But at that time, as we fear is still the case, miners in general did not make much provision for a "rainy day." For the most part, such persons live well while their money lasts, and when it is all gone they live on the credit which the storekeeper will grant. The consequence is, that many families are often in the most distressing circumstances when there comes a depression in trade, or the scale of wages is reduced.

At the time of which we now write there were but few schools. There was not then such a system of public school education in England as obtains in Canada. The working classes had but few pleasures of an intellectual character. Their enjoyments were mostly sensual, hence drunkenness and brutal sports prevailed to a fearful extent. Those who received a mere elementary education in the first branches of learning were looked upon as being really learned.

James Jones, when a boy, learned to read and write a little, and as he grew to manhood, he became acquainted with the first rules of arithmetic. Like too many of his fellow-workmen, he acquired some habits which were very injurious ; but, happily, in early manhood, he was led to see the folly of his conduct, and turned his feet into the way of the divine testimonies. The whole course of his life was now changed, and he became a true son of temperance, and would not associate with those who patronised the drinking customs which make such frightful havoc in society.

When James Jones was yet a youth, his father became incapacitated for work, and was obliged to be depending upon his sons for a maintenance for himself and his partner in life. For more than twenty years, James was their principal support, as his other brothers had married, and, having their own families to provide for, they left the support of their aged parents to him ; and it is but just to say, that he provided for their neces-

sities to the best of his ability. As there was sometimes a scarcity of employment, in consequence of strikes and depression of trade, he could not always earn as much as he would otherwise have done. James was necessitated to live very economically, and as his work was very hard—coal-digging—he needed good substantial food ; but this he could not always secure, though it was the first requisite. His clothing was always of the humblest kind, for he could not afford to follow the fashions. No gold ring was ever seen on his finger, nor did he wear a gold chain around his neck, nor was he ever seen with an ebony cane in his hand. In appearance, he would be denominated “shabby,” as he could not afford such superfine clothes as many of his fellow-workmen did, though we fear that in some instances the latter contracted debts without a probability of paying them.

Such was not the case with James Jones. He would not run into debt, but obeyed the apostolic injunction, “Owe no man anything

but love." We have often seen him when his coat was "seedy," and his pants threadbare, but he knew that if, for the sake of being arrayed in more costly apparel, he should contract debts, he might plunge himself into inextricable difficulties. There are few things which a young man should abhor more than debt. To a conscientious person debt is always frightful, and, no doubt, debts which, in their early contraction, were regarded as small and trivial, have so accumulated until the young man has become horror-stricken, and, with the hope of extricating himself, he has committed a questionable act, which has only involved him more and more. Let all who may read these lines avoid debt, if they would escape an accusing conscience by day, and a tormenting fiend by night.

James Jones was blamed by some for not acting as his brothers had done. It was thought that jointly they might have kept their aged parents, but he knew that such a plan would come to nought, and in the end his aged parents would be compelled to

spend the remainder of their days in the parish workhouse, where they would have to live in separate wards, and seldom be able to exchange a word with each other, and the thought of this he could not for a moment endure. Thus he toiled and laboured, and made the latter end of his parents' lives as comfortable as possible, and would not even allow himself to think of becoming the husband of one wife until he was near forty years of age.

Such instances of filial affection are not as numerous as they should be. There was once a distinguished statesman in Canada, of whom his enemies said many severe things, but even they admired his conduct in taking care of his aged parents, and providing for their necessities, and those of the junior members of the family. For years he performed the most herculean labours that he might retrieve the lost fortunes of the family, before he plighted his vows at Hymen's altar. Such conduct, we conceive, is even more honourable than all the deeds of statesmanship with which his name is associated.

Near to the residence of James Jones there resided another young man, but, alas ! he was a prodigal. His parents were reputed to be pious people. The father, however, was a man of very strong passions, and often ruled his house as with a rod of iron. He did not have much comfort with his family ; but Absalom, of whom we now write, was the son who caused him most shame. Absalom was self-willed and passionate, and was almost constantly quarrelling with other boys. When at the Sunday School, he was the torment of all the teachers, and was generally the ringleader in mischief. As he grew up to man's estate, he became worse and worse, and spent much time in taverns and scenes of dissipation. His father was often almost bereft of reason on account of the wickedness of this son. Once he became involved in a quarrel, and was even charged with the crime of murder, but managed to abscond to America, where some of his brothers joined him, but still there was no reformation. He continued to be the same wicked youth that

he had been at home. News reached England that he and his brothers went the overland route to California, and on their way quarrelled with a band of Indians, who were so much enraged with some of Absalom's misdeeds that they put him to death with their tomahawk and scalping knife. And this was the end of poor Absalom, who would not hearken to his father's counsel, and despised all the reproofs of his mother.

But we must return to James Jones. In early manhood he became a member of a church, and during the whole of his subsequent life he was a consistent Christian. He read the Bible daily, and was diligent in his attendance at all the means of grace, and was often heard to say that the comfort he received in the sanctuary, and by attendance to private duties enabled him to bear the trials of life with fortitude and resignation. He was often perplexed, and more than once was tempted to think that his troubles would overwhelm him, for not only had he the care of his parents, but two of his brothers, by their

wicked course, occasioned him much annoyance. But, though faint, he did not become weary in well-doing, and strength was given him to bear his daily trials. He was, however, a wonder to his associates, as they knew the difficulties which crowded his pathway; but he often said that he had bread to eat, of which others knew not.

How pleasant to contemplate such a career! How much more commendable and praiseworthy than the conduct of those who become possessed of the patrimony which has been won by hard-earned industry, and then treat their parents with neglect, or, may be, even deprive them of that to which they are entitled, and spend it in improvidence and prodigality! There are parents in Canada who have toiled hard for their children, and by the blessing of God on the work of their hands, they have acquired comfortable homes and beautiful farms, consisting of fine broad acres, but, when the sons come to years of maturity, instead of cultivating the soil, they must leave the farm, and enter upon what

they conceive to be a more respectable mode of life, and in not a few instances they have brought themselves to poverty, and their aged parents, instead of being comfortable in their declining years, have often been depending upon strangers, whereas, by industry and ordinary skill in cultivating the land, all might have enjoyed comfortable homes, and the family estate could have been handed down to succeeding generations. God has ordained that man shall receive his livelihood by work, and an apostle has said, that he who will not work neither should he eat. Even the king is sustained by the labour of the field, and no doubt much of the suffering which comes in connection with "hard times," would be avoided if there were more agriculturists and fewer persons engaged in mercantile pursuits. And what is more pleasant than to see the aged patriarch of a family and his children and children's children around him, all living in close proximity, but in the greatest affection for each other? Such sights we sometimes behold, and never without pleasure.

When we last saw James Jones he had entered the marriage state. Providence had directed him to a suitable person, who, like himself, was somewhat advanced in life, but, as she had been for some years engaged in a small store, she had earned a considerable portion of the comforts of life, so that the youth who had taken care of his aged parents, and greatly comforted them in their declining years, was in a position to enjoy domestic life, and spend the evening of his days with a greater degree of comfort than some anticipated who had known him from his youth. But the Almighty always takes care of those who do what is well-pleasing in His sight.

We regret to inform our readers that James Jones had one habit which we would strongly recommend them not to imitate—he used *tobacco*. He had acquired this dirty, filthy habit when a boy, and as he advanced to manhood and down to old age he felt himself enchained by the noxious weed. He often regretted his folly, and strongly advised young men never to become addicted to this loath-

some practice. His parents were inveterate smokers. Morning, noon, and night, they might be seen using the pipe. It was said that they would even get out of bed at midnight to smoke. Surely they were slaves, but is it not an alarming fact that the number of such slaves is increasing at a rapid rate? The late Bishop Janes said, "that the use of tobacco is producing more injury to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America than the use of rum."

We were often surprised at James' parents, and wondered why they should use so much tobacco, when they knew the expense in which they thus involved their son, on whom they were depending for their daily bread. It is truly astonishing how many people, both old and young, some of whom are remarkable for intelligence, and possess many admirable traits of character, and yet they have acquired the filthy habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. Indeed, the habit has become so common that the use seems to be the rule and abstinence the exception, and yet few

will argue that the practice is beneficial. Medical men assure us that the use of tobacco in any form is simply injurious, and yet many seem to regard it as an absolute necessity, without which they would hardly know how to exist.

To our young readers we would say, never learn to use tobacco, and if you have already become enslaved, resolve that you will henceforth be free from such slavery. Continue the practice, and, maybe, before you are aware, you may learn other practices which are usually associated with the one in question. Give it up at once and for ever, for though we do not consider the use of tobacco to be as injurious as drinking liquor, we do know that smoking often leads to drinking, as a proof of which look around you, and you will see many persons who, though they use tobacco, yet do not drink, but you will rarely find one who drinks but also uses tobacco in some form. A clergyman once advised a mother that he had seen her son smoking, but she was not at all disconcerted at hearing such an accusation. Two years

rolled away, and that same mother besought this clergyman to do something for her besotted son, but it was too late, for the son died in a few years a drunkard and a suicide.

Perhaps the following incident may be new to some of our readers. Tobacco was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in smoking it privately, it is presumed that he did not intend that his example should be copied. But sitting one day in deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his servant to bring him a tankard of small beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and, running down stairs, bawled out, "Fire, help ! Sir Walter has studied until his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose." Think of the following lines :

" Tobacco is an Indian weed,
And from the devil does proceed,
It picks your pocket,
Burns your clothes,
And makes a chimney of your nose."

CHAPTER III.

“ THE OLD HORSE.”

THE members of the working-classes of England are often known among their fellow-workmen by strange cognomens, which are more frequently used than their respective proper names. We have known instances when some were in doubt as to the real names of their shop-mates. Such names are usually given in consequence of some peculiarity in the person so designated.

In one of the northern counties of the old land, there lived a man who was in the middle age of life, and was remarkable for his strength. He was a real Samson. Few of his workfellows could perform such an amount of labour as he could in the same space of time : owing to this peculiarity, he was commonly known by the name, which stands at the head of this chapter—“ The old Horse.”

He was naturally a kind, obliging man, always ready to render assistance to a neighbour or a fellow-workman, but, unfortunately, like too many of his *confreres*, he was a drunkard.

Our friend, of whom we now write, usually earned good wages. He had several sons, who, like himself, worked in the coal-mines, and were also in the receipt of good remuneration for their toil. When we first knew him, not less than four members of his family, with himself, were bread-winners, so that we should have supposed there could have been no difficulty in securing the comforts and even the luxuries of life for his household. But, alas ! there was little comfort in the home of William Ward. Did the reader ever know a drunkard's home that was the abode of comfort ?

The workmen in the locality where this man resided were regularly paid once in two weeks, on the Friday, when he usually would commence his *sprees*, and seldom leave off until Monday, by which time the fortnight's

earnings, except the little his wife had secured, would be spent in drink. Often he and his boon companions would quarrel, as to which of them could perform the most labour, the end of which would generally be, that several of them would be taken into custody, and in due time appear before a magistrate, who would inflict a fine, or commit them to jail for thirty days, for breaking the peace, or creating a disturbance at the house of the “Black Boy,” or “Bonny Pit Laddie.” Pity that the fine could not have been inflicted upon the tavern-keeper who sold the poor men the liquor which made them break the peace. When sober, the man of whom we write was a quiet, inoffensive person.

As may readily be supposed, the wife of our poor friend was an object of pity. A drunkard’s wife ! the very mention of the name calls up a thousand unpleasant associations. How many poor creatures, who are allied to drunken husbands, are dragging out a miserable existence, which will soon terminate in pre-

mature death! Their homes would be happy but for drink, and so long as this demon rages, they will resemble pandemonium. We have often seen the wife of William Ward, dressed in the most humble garb, weeping and sobbing as though her heart would break. She has been heard to say that she dreaded the arrival of the "pay-night," as she would be sure to have to visit the tavern, with a view to persuade her husband to come home: or perhaps, the day following, she would have to appear before a magistrate, and use means to get him discharged from custody; or, if she prevailed with him to return home, it would be more than probable that he would treat her in the most brutal manner. Poor woman! by reason of little food, scanty clothing, and often cruel usage, her life was one of great misery.

The various temperance organizations often sent their agents into the colliery villages of Northumberland and Durham. James Teare, Robert Grey Mason, Edward Grubb, Joseph Bormond and many others, whose

names deserve honourable mention, were the means of doing much good in those places. Some time in the year 1840 or '41, there was a lecturer, who was usually known by the name of “the Cumberland Weaver.” He was a man of good ability, and produced much excitement wherever he went. Being possessed of a ready utterance, and having a good knowledge of human nature, he seemed to know exactly what kind of an address would be most suitable for the audience which was drawn together. As he had been a working-man all his life, he had much sympathy with the working classes, and was just the man to be popular with them ; consequently wherever he went, crowds would be sure to flock to hear him, even in their working clothes, and their faces well begrimmed, so that it could be easily seen what occupation they followed.

One evening the “Cumberland Weaver” held a temperance meeting in the village of Coalmoor, and, as was usual in those days, great efforts were made to secure signatures

to the pledge. The meeting had been one of great enthusiasm: the heart-stirring appeals of the lecturer had carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers. William Ward again and again responded, “That’s true.” As he was leaving the house, the lecturer called out, “White-jacket, come and sign.” The hero of our story was clothed with a white flannel jacket. On being asked to “come and sign,” he said to himself, “It will be no use for me to sign, for Friday will soon be here, and of course I shall then be drunk, but I will sign to please the man.” He did sign. The news of what he had done soon spread through the neighbourhood, and numerous opinions were expressed respecting the marvellous deed.

The “pay-day” came. Instead of going to the tavern, as in times past, William Ward deputed a friend to bring his wages home, and thus he kept out of the way of temptation, by remaining with his family around his “ain fireside.” His wife could hardly tell what was the matter, for her husband had

not spent the "pay-night" at home in a state of sobriety for many years. Sabbath came, and for the first time for a long period he accompanied her to the house of God. Weeks rolled away, and still he kept his pledge. All his fellow-workmen were filled with surprise. Some congratulated him, but others, to their shame it must be stated, tried to tempt him to go again with them into the ways of folly. The change in his appearance, and in that of his family, was greatly for the better, which all were ready to testify.

The locality in which William Ward resided was visited with a revival of religion, and among others, he was made a subject of saving grace. He became a new creature, and, we never heard of any person who doubted the reality of the change which he had experienced. As he had been valiant in the service of Satan, he was now equally zealous in the service of God. He was no fine-weather Christian, but was an earnest follower of the Lord Jesus. We have heard him relate his experience at love-feasts, when

his plain, artless tale, delivered with characteristic energy, would produce the most thrilling sensation, and cause many cheeks to be bedewed with tears.

The writer, when appointed to preach at the Village of Coalmoor, would occasionally dine at the house of William Ward, when he could not but see the change which had taken place in the family. His wife and children had not the forlorn and wretched appearance for which they were once characterized. They were now cheerful and happy. The house was decently furnished, and the meals of which we partook, though plain and wholesome, were abundant and excellent. We rejoiced with them in the delightful change which they had experienced.

We dare say that William Ward had many temptations to return to his former course of life, but, whenever he was solicited to take a glass with a friend, he would always say, “No, I have done with it, and you had better let it alone too.” This was his usual reply. He would not stand to argue, nor would he go

in the way of evil, for he was resolved to avoid being taken captive by the snare of the devil, from which he had been so happily rescued.

A somewhat amusing but striking incident occurred in the life of our heroic friend, with which we think our readers will be pleased. The Primitive Methodists were holding a Camp Meeting, or, as we would say in America, a Field Meeting, that is, religious services held in a field, during the whole of one Sabbath, and, as their custom was, they were marching through the streets singing some lively airs. We have seen a procession consisting of several hundreds, singing through the streets of a city or town, and stopping occasionally for prayer or exhortation, and the effect of such a mode of procedure was really grand, and on such occasions many have been induced to hear the message of salvation, who would have remained at home, or spent the hours of the Lord's Day in a manner very contrary to the requirements of the Fourth Commandment. On the occasion

referred to, the singing, as usual, excited considerable attention, and caused many citizens to stand in their doorways, or look out of the windows of their houses, to see what was the occasion of the delightful strains of vocal music which they now heard. Among others who were thus looking on, was the son of a well-known tavern-keeper, and, on seeing William Ward among the choristers, he said to a companion by his side : “ See, see, they have got the ‘ Old Horse ’ among them.” Our friend heard the remark, and, looking towards the young man, he said, “ Yes, my lad, but the ‘ Old Horse ’ is not yoked to thy father’s cellar to-day.” He was now bearing the yoke of Christ, which he felt to be easy compared with the burden which he had formerly carried.

In concluding this narrative, we wish to say a word to the wives of drunkards, should any of them read these pages. The wife of him of whom we have now written was a praying woman. For some time she was one of our classmates. Of course, she could not be

very regular in her attendance at the means of grace ; but, whenever circumstances would permit, she was there ; and often prayed for her dear husband. We have heard her say that she always endeavoured to treat him kindly, being resolved, if possible, to win him from his drinking course, by doing all in her power to make his home happy. Who dare say that her prayers, together with her exemplary life, did not exercise great influence upon him ? To such as are situated as she was we say, Go and do likewise.

There are to be found in every community too many who try to allure others to drink. Need we remind such persons that the following words taken from the Bible are applicable to them ? “ Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.” Those who have never been drunkards themselves do not know how difficult it is to destroy the appetite for liquor, and when once a poor inebriate has somewhat recovered from his fallen condition, those who would again entice him to evil

are guilty of a course of procedure that is reprehensible in the extreme. You may rekindle a fire in that poor man which will never be extinguished.

How objectionable is the practice of paying wages at taverns ! We rejoice that the practice does not obtain so extensively in Canada as it does in England. Whatever may be said respecting the wants of the public, there are far more taverns than the wants require. Taverns in general are town traps and city snares, where thousands are annually slain. Every means should be adopted to prevent men going thither. Public gatherings too frequently take place at hotels, and social parties are often held in similar places, while saloons are fitted up in a manner that is almost sure to entrap our young men into the very vestibules of hell. Ye who are employers, exert all your powers to keep your employees away from those places which lead down to the pit.

Let all reformed drunkards act the part of William Ward, who, after “signing the

pledge," went to the House of God and began to pray, and thus, by the grace of God, he became a new man, and henceforth led an exemplary life. Many whom we have known to "sign the pledge" have again been taken captive, but, after more than a quarter of a century's experience, we do not recollect one who ever went back after having become a praying man. To leave off drink is good, but the surest way to keep from drinking is to pray for Divine assistance. Trust in God and do the right. A good man said to the writer, "My appetite for drink was vehement, but I conquered it by going to my closet, and, with the Bible open before me, I promised God, upon my bended knees, never to touch drink again. I prayed for Divine assistance, and now," said he, "I have been kept from it for nine years." God helps those who help themselves.

CHAPTER IV.

SPORTSMAN'S LODGE.

THIS ancient edifice is situated ; "o'er the hills and among the heather," and stands in a somewhat secluded spot, surrounded by lofty mountains and extensive moorland, on which hundreds of sheep may be seen grazing. As the traveller wends his weary way on foot, he will occasionally meet with "the shepherd and his dog," whose business it is to see that the sheep are all safe. As soon as the shepherd's voice is heard, you could almost imagine yourself on the eastern plains, where "the shepherd calleth his sheep by name." The sheep of which we speak, certainly know their shepherd's voice, and can discern it from that of a stranger.

"Sportsman's Lodge," is so called from the fact that it was for many years the place of sojourn for a number of gentlemen who

went thither for grouse shooting. A party of sometimes *twelve*, or may be *twenty*, would go to this place in "the season," with provisions to serve for ten days or a fortnight. Of course, a large quantity of ale, porter and spirituous liquors, would be provided, and each day, after a few hours had been spent in killing birds, the party would return to the Lodge and spend the remaining hours of the day in carousing and scenes of conviviality. For some generations, a family, bearing a somewhat euphonious name, were the proprietors of the Lodge, and some of them would be sure to be there during the shooting season. The last descendant of this ancient stock sat for many years as M.P. for a Yorkshire constituency. He bore the reputation of being kind to the poor. In the winter season he would distribute hundreds of gallons of soup among the needy, and provide many of them with blankets and other articles of comfort, for which they often used to praise his memory.

Unhappily, while the gentleman spoken of

was thus kind to the poor, he was much given to licentious practices. He was a real fast man. He lived in pleasure, and being possessed of ample means, he had every opportunity to pursue such a course as ministered most to his sensual gratification. When it was the writer's lot to itinerate in the locality of this gentleman's residence, rumours were in circulation respecting his practices which were of the most revolting character. His fast mode of life brought upon him a state of mental deformity, which compelled his friends to seek him a home in an Asylum, where he ended his career. And thus fell one whose voice had been heard in the Legislative Halls of his native land, and who might have been a benefactor to his species had he lived "soberly, righteously, and godly in the present world," instead of which he was a curse to the race, and now fills a dishonoured grave.

Another of the fraternity who frequented "the Lodge," in the hey-day of life was a gentleman belonging to the army. He had been

in several engagements, and had won various laurels. At the time we knew him, he was about sixty years of age, and had all the marks of a good soldier. We dare say, his courage was undaunted, and, by his bravery, he had doubtless served his country well ; but however much he could control an army of men, as they were advancing to the attack upon the enemy, he was not of those who could "rule his own spirit." Like too many others in affluent circumstances, he seemed to regard those beneath him in station as only fit to minister to the gratification of his lusts. There were those who lived in the vicinity of his residence who were in the most humiliating circumstances, of whose condition we will not further speak.

An awful death occurred in the town one day, which was detailed to us by an eyewitness. A poor unfortunate female, who had lived for many years on the reward of her shame, was brought into dying circumstances. Some said she was delirious, but she declared she was sane, and knew what she was

doing. She charged her fall to the conduct of this military gentleman, and, oh ! horrible, she declared that her mother was accessory to her ruin, in order that she might share the pecuniary gain that was paid as the price of her fall. No wonder that the poor creature cursed her mother, and the wretched man who had been her seducer. Both herself and an elder sister went to a premature grave by reason of the wretched life they had led. Surely those who taught them to sin were guilty of the greatest crime.

A third member of the honourable fraternity who frequented the lodge held a commission from his Sovereign as a Justice of the Peace. If we are to judge a person by the company he keeps, then, of course, the reader will expect that scenes of vice and immorality were such as the said Commissioner of the Peace often perpetrated. It pains us to have to record the fact that cases of seduction were among the common acts of his life. He lived in unblushing vice. He was a real "fast man," and though he had a

large income, yet such was his extravagance, that he was often obliged to leave the management of his estates in the hands of others, while he went abroad to retrieve his lost fortunes.

Bad as this was, we fear he was guilty of even worse deeds than those mentioned, for there is reason to believe that he polluted the fountains of justice. Some of his accomplices in vice, of both sexes, when they became involved in trouble, would hasten to a certain gentleman's house, where they would tell their grievance, and on the day of trial, there would be a friend, not only in court, but on "the bench," who would be seen once and again to whisper in the ear of the presiding Magistrate, and thus a slight fine would be inflicted, or, perhaps, a few words of admonition would be given, instead of the "sorer punishment," to which the culprit was justly entitled. And thus, instead of being "a terror to evil doers," the Magistrates were, in reality, the rewarders of crime.

The reader has now been made acquainted

with three of the gentry who frequented Sportsman's Lodge, and certainly none of them are examples worthy of imitation. Their characters may be held up as beacons to warn those who are sailing the voyage of life against "standing in the way of sinners," or being a companion of those whose ways lead down to hell. Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days. "There is a way that seemeth right unto men, but the end thereof is death."

Upwards of a quarter of a century has rolled away since the writer was accustomed to visit Sportsman's Lodge once every month. It was then no longer the abode of Sportsmen seeking for pleasure, but had become the residence of an aged couple, who, with all their peculiarities and eccentricities, were much given to hospitality, and were always glad to welcome the weary itinerant to the best entertainment which their house could afford. Poor old Deborah was a member of the church, but her lord remained among the outer court worshippers. She was usually

very loquacious, and would often entertain her guests with reminiscences of her past history. When the preacher tarried for the night, she was sure to recapitulate to him all that had transpired since his last "round." Poor old lady, she had had many trials. Her partner in life had not always been abundant in kindness. His waywardness had often been to her a source of great grief. Many acts which she detailed excited our wonder, and often led the preacher to exclaim, "Lord, what is man?"

Sportman's Lodge was now a place of preaching. Once in every two weeks one of the sons of John Wesley might be seen in a humble pulpit, proclaiming salvation in a crowded room, which in times past had been the scene of midnight revelries. And how the inhabitants of the region "round about" used to crowd into that room, which was often a Bethel! Some of them would walk *four* or *five* miles in a dark night in order that they might hear the Gospel. We often admired their zeal, and again and again thought how

their conduct was a standing reproof to those who are much more highly favoured.

It was delightful to see poor old Deborah on the night of preaching. She would not rest if she thought a single person in the congregation was the least uncomfortable ; but would go from one part of the room to another, making seats for those who had just arrived. She was so perfectly disinterested that she lost sight of all comfort for herself, and could only be happy when she thought everybody around her was happy too.

And if our readers could have seen this poor old mother in Israel, when the service was over, how she would run from one to another, shaking hands and bidding "good night" to those whom she could not persuade to tarry for supper. A few generally did so. And on those occasions the table literally groaned with the substantials and delicacies of life. No matter how many times you would fill your plate, she would urge you again and again to "*help your'sens,*" and then say she was afraid "*there's nout ye can eat.*"

“Sportsman’s Lodge,” we can assure our readers, was a favourite spot in those days when it was our lot to ramble thither. Usually, in the summer season, there would be a “Day’s Meeting,” called there a “Camp Meeting,” held in the grounds adjoining the Lodge, and, when the weather was fine, the concourse of people was immense. The services would consist of preachings and prayer meetings at intervals during the day, and close with a Lovefeast in the evening. On some occasions great good was done, and one person, who for several years was engaged in the ministry in Canada, assured the writer, that he never felt so much like the happiness of heaven as he did at one of those festive days at the Lodge.

The preparation which poor old Deborah used to make for those grand occasions, was something out of the ordinary way. Baking bread, roasting meat, &c., in such quantities as though she expected nothing less than a crowd, and she was seldom disappointed, for she had sometimes given dinner to fifty per-

sons, while more than a hundred would be her guests for tea. The eating and drinking on those occasions was enough to cause one to think, that many had a feast for their bodies, whatever they might obtain for their souls.

Poor old Deborah and her husband have long ere this passed away. We hope they died well. They often refreshed the saints, and the liberal manner in which they provided for the entertainment of their guests was always to us a subject of wonder, seeing that they were so exceedingly penurious in respect to contributing money for any benevolent object. They had been brought up with little or no education. Neither of them could sign their name, but they had been industrious, and were very saving of their money. Perhaps they were covetous through ignorance. However, they have now gone to where there is righteous judgment, and let the reader strive to imitate their excellencies and shun their defects.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUNAWAY TAILOR.

EARLY in the nineteenth century there lived in an English village a family consisting of *five* sons and *three* daughters. As a family, they were much attached to each other, and were seldom separated for any considerable time. When death for the first time entered the household, and removed one of the boys, there was great lamentation, as he was a great favourite with all the members of the family circle, and was often regarded as a child of more than ordinary interest, as he gave evidence of possessing intellectual capabilities of a very high order.

The father of this family was a man of superior moral worth, and was very desirous that his sons, especially, should receive a good education. In these laudable efforts he was ably supported by the counsels of his wife. The

masses in England did not then have the educational advantages which they now enjoy. Schools and colleges could only be enjoyed by a few. The scale of remuneration for labour was generally small, while the habits of the people were such that but few were able to save much from their earnings. It must, however, be admitted that multitudes expended large sums for intoxicating liquors and tobacco, which might have kept their families in comfort, and given their children a good education.

The children of the family to which the hero of our story belonged were not only sent to school, but kept there a much longer period than great numbers with whom they were associated. This was often a subject of remark in the place of their residence.

As the boys grew into their teens, it became a somewhat frequent question, "What shall they be?" The father held a situation in a mine, which rendered it necessary that he should always examine the workings thoroughly before the workmen commenced their daily

toil. He took the *two* eldest boys with him into the mine, and one morning, when making his usual examinations, an explosion took place, by means of the candle coming in contact with the accumulation of carbonic acid gas. In this catastrophe *three* persons were severely burnt, one of whom was the second son of the family with whom we have now to do.

These explosions, both on a small and large scale, are dreadfully common in the colliery districts of England, and every such occurrence produces the greatest possible consternation in the country for miles around. The houses of the sufferers are filled with sympathizers, and every one seems to labour to outvie the other in pouring the balm of consolation into the wounds of the poor sufferers. The occasion referred to was very similar to all others of a like nature. The house was full to overflowing with the people of the village, and there lay, in two separate rooms, the father and son, who were two of the sufferers on that occasion. Their faces and hands

were dreadfully scorched, and the burning pain which they both endured was dreadful in the extreme. The shrieks of the poor boy were sometimes piercing, and often led him to exclaim, "I'll go no more down the pit."

We are happy to say that, after a few weeks' suffering, the three victims were all restored to convalescence, but they never lost the marks of the fire, and for years afterwards their hands especially were very tender. They all, however, pursued their ordinary avocations, as they had done previous to the accident. The little fellow went again to the old place of danger, but in a few weeks hence he was freed from the dangerous position of those who go down alive into the pit.

One day the parents of our hero were informed, that a certain knight of the thimble was in want of an apprentice, and their burnt-boy intimated his wish to be allowed to make application for the vacant place. Having obtained consent from his parents, the youth ascended the table of the shop, and went on trial to learn the trade of a tailor. He was

delighted with the change, and waxed eloquent in expatiating on the pleasure which he felt in his new situation. And now, at his urgent request, he was bound an apprentice, according to the laws of England, to serve Mr. Knight for a period of seven years.

We have now to contemplate our youthful friend in a new capacity. He was no longer his own master. He was obliged to be punctual every morning in commencing his daily toil, and sometimes, even to a late hour of the night, it was "stitch, stitch." The change was very great for the boy. It was hard to be shut up in a tailor's shop for at least twelve hours every day, instead of having the privilege of wandering hither and thither, very frequently as taste or companionship might lead. Happily for him, however, his parents only resided a mile away, and the walk, morning and evening, was of great benefit to him.

We may at this stage of our story remark that, after a few months had rolled away, the parents of the tailor's apprentice removed to a distant part of the country, which necessi-

tated his boarding from home. At first, he resided in the house of his master, but this arrangement was soon discontinued. He then went from one house to another, and here, we think, was one great cause of that unsettled mode of life which he afterwards led, and which was attended with such disastrous consequences. Many young men have gone to ruin for want of home influence. It is truly a crisis in a young man's history when he leaves the paternal roof. How many have thus become outcasts in society, who might have lived to bless the world? Those who employ young men are not always sufficiently careful about their associates. Honour to the founders and supporters of our Young Men's Christian Associations, which often serve as substitutes for the homes which many of the young men in our large towns and cities have left behind them, as they have gone to those great centres of population to learn some useful trade, or join some of the professions.

The youth whose career we are particu-

larly desirous to portray was naturally very self-willed, and exceedingly stubborn. His tongue would sometimes be used in a most provoking manner. He was the master of the house when his father was absent. The poor mother was extremely indulgent, hence he would soon, by coaxing or other means, obtain, if nothing more, at least her tacit consent to anything he might propose. To his eldest brother, who was endeavouring to be a Christian, he was a perfect tease. If he saw him engaged in devotional exercises he would mimic him, and in every way possible seek to annoy him, and use various stratagems to throw him off his guard, and then, of course, having accomplished his cruel purpose, he would taunt him with being out of temper, which, of course, was unbecoming in a Christian. Many were the anxious hours which his conduct occasioned his father.

After leaving the abode of his parents, it was not to be expected that others would submit to his dictation, as his brothers were often compelled to do. Little petty annoy-

ances would sometimes occur in the workshop, and the patience of the master was often severely tested on such occasions. The master would be desirous to settle all grievances that might occur ; but our stubborn youth would only study to perplex him more and more, as he sought to restore order out of confusion. How often young men think that, by being a little headstrong, they are displaying the noblest traits of independence. We are sorry to say that quarrels often took place between the master and his apprentices, which were the occasion of many journeys and much needless expense to the parents of the youthful tailor.

But the greatest calamity that had ever befallen them was soon to be their portion. One day the aged father received a letter from his son's master, to say that Andrew had not been seen for some days, which had occasioned him no small amount of uneasiness. This was a thunderbolt to the old gentleman. Happily, the mother was from home at the time, and the sad news was dis-

closed to her in the most guarded manner ; but, notwithstanding the caution exercised, the effect was of the saddest description, and for a time it was feared that she would become bereft of her reason. For days and nights she would wander from place to place, crying in the most piteous manner. Could the unhappy youth have seen all the suffering that he occasioned in the family circle, surely he would have been sorry for the mad act which he perpetrated. Many years have rolled away since this melancholy scene took place, but its remembrance is still vividly before us, and to our dying day we shall not forget it.

On receiving the painful intelligence, the father thought it would be best for his eldest son to go in quest of his erring brother. The facilities for travelling were not then what they are now, hence a few miles could not be so easily traversed. The eldest son, however, started on his unpleasant journey, and walked some twenty miles and then tarried for the night.

Next day, news of the occasion of his unexpected visit was soon noised abroad, and many remarks and inquiries were made. One person felt sure that the wanderer had been seen very recently, another was equally certain that he was yet in the neighbourhood, while all were hopeful that his absence would only be temporary.

The eldest son continued to prosecute his journey, and in due time was at the residence of the master, but no tidings had been heard of the wandering boy. His boarding place was next visited, where, for the first time, fears were expressed that the stray youth had gone to sea, as one of his fellow-apprentices said he had talked of doing. This was more fearful than the inquirer had anticipated, and now he hardly knew what to do ; but, accompanied by a friend, he went to the nearest seaport, several miles away. He had often been there before, but never on such an errand as that on which he had now been sent. Again and again, he and the other members of the family had gone thither to

enjoy the pleasures of sea-bathing, when they were usually full of enjoyment ; but, alas ! now how changed ! There did not seem to be any pleasure for him in any object, no matter how much it might have delighted him before.

No tidings could be heard of his brother in this town, which, though containing a fine harbour, in which were to be seen some noble vessels, yet their number was small, and the common opinion seemed to be, that the runaway tailor had not selected that port as the place of his embarkation.

Another seaport was therefore visited, and, after going from one ship-broker to another, the discovery was at length made that a youth of the description given had been there, and had, it was believed, sailed two days before. Further inquiries were made, and this statement proved to be correct ; the runaway had entered himself to be a sailor on a vessel which had left the port of Tyre bound for the Cape of Good Hope. Further search was now useless, and, therefore, lodg-

ings for the night were sought, and a speedy return home contemplated.

On the journey home, the son called upon the master of his brother while change of horses was made for the stage-coach. That very day, the master received a letter from his absconding apprentice, informing him that "he had taken ship bound for Russia ;" but when the master was informed that the Cape of Good Hope was the place whither the new sailor was bound, he was filled with rage. But the coachman had sounded the horn, consequently the traveller resumed his journey home, where he arrived at the house of mourning somewhere about the hour of midnight.

The house that night was a Bochim. Some relatives had come to try to comfort the sorrowing mother, who had scarcely allowed her first-born to return home until she inquired where "her dear Andrew had gone." On being told that the Cape of Good Hope was the place, and that it was not expected that the vessel would return to England

again in less than two years, it seemed as though the fountain of her tears had broken loose afresh, and that there would be no bounds for her grief. A few days afterwards, however, a letter was received from the "run-away," which he had written and given to the pilot, in which he begged his parents not to sorrow on his behalf, as he was already suffering from a lacerated conscience, and would bear everything that might befall him, as the reward of his misdeeds.

Two years rolled away, and what years of suffering they were. Every storm that blew reminded the mother that her son was perhaps in a more pitiless storm than that which she now beheld. Every account published in the newspapers respecting any shipwreck excited her imagination, until she was sure she beheld her darling boy struggling among the drifting timbers of the wrecked vessel, or else he was cast away upon some forlorn rock, where he would be sure to be dashed to pieces.

As the parents of the newly-made sailor

knew that there were heavy bonds to be met on his return home, and that, in all probability, some heavy expenses would be incurred by again fitting him for sea, should he be determined still to seek his fortune on the mighty waters, they made every possible preparation for the anticipated time of trial.

Two years soon rolled away, and one day tidings reached the parents of our hero that the vessel was expected to arrive in London at a given date. The mother was now all excitement. Go to London she would, no matter what it might cost. She could not wait until she was sure that the vessel had arrived, but must hasten thither, and be ready to welcome her boy as soon as the ship cast anchor.

It was deemed highly improper for the mother to take such a journey alone. She had never been in London ; indeed, she had never travelled to any great extent without being accompanied by some of the members of her family. Mother had a clever sister, who had been a somewhat extensive traveller,

and, moreover, was always at home go wherever she might. This smart aunt as we must call her, agreed to go to London with her dear sister.

The journey was undertaken, but, alas! the two sisters had to remain in London *four* long weeks before the vessel arrived. This was a great trial and a fearful bill of expense. One day, as they were sitting in the hotel, they were informed that the vessel had cast anchor in the East India Docks. A cab was soon called, and the cabman was told to drive like Jehu to the gates of the East India Docks. They were soon there, but here they were prevented entering, as they had got no ticket of admittance. But while pondering as to what was best to be done, there came a seafaring gentleman, accompanied by two boys, who were carrying his trunk, by whom their attention was soon attracted, when, lo! one of the boys was the very person of whom they were in search. The mother soon fell upon his neck, and cried, "O, my child, my child!" A crowd speedily

assembled, and at length the gentleman, who was no other than the captain of the vessel, interposed, for he knew the whole history of what he now beheld, and spoke kindly to the ladies, and told them when to meet him again, when further explanations should be made.

A few days longer were all that were necessary to stay in the metropolis of England. The runaway tailor was bound to the captain of the vessel for a term of years, the bills were discharged, and the ladies returned home, and twelve months more rolled away before the vessel returned again to England.

The master-tailor had been patiently waiting the return of the ladies from London, and when he found that his bound-apprentice was again sailing on the mighty deep, his wrath seemed to know no bounds. He had buoyed himself with the hope that the boy would be glad, after two years, to return to his shop, and was disposed to say nothing about his absence, if only he would now settle down and stitch the garments which were to be made to

measure ; but, seeing that there was every probability that he would never have that privilege, he determined to seek compensation according to law.

The father was compelled to take another bootless journey to the master of his rambling son, and as they did not come to terms, it was agreed that they should wait a little longer, thinking that, perhaps, after another voyage, the foolish youth would become tired of the sea, and henceforth would settle at home.

A few more months rolled away, and news reach England that the vessel was wrecked, but all hands were saved. The hands returned to England, among whom was *the tailor*, who was really wrecked. His clothes were all gone, and there he stood in the town where he had first embarked three years before, but now what was he to do ? A friend advanced him money, and he made his way to his father's house.

Again the master was on the alert, and having heard something as to the whereabouts of his apprentice, he wanted to see the

father and him together. "The salt," as we shall now term him, was resolved that, come what might, he would never stitch on the shopboard of Mr. Knight again, and told his father so. The poor old man went to see the master, who, hearing how matters were, agreed to deliver up the indentures on condition that a certain sum should be paid. The terms were agreed to, and now the tailor-boy was free. For a few weeks he enjoyed the pleasures of home, but was resolved to be a sailor to the end of his days. After a little furlough, he was again sailing to foreign ports, where we will leave him for a while.

The eldest son was very desirous to know from his father how much the sailor-boy had cost him during the three preceding years. But the father would never tell. It is certain, from little items of expense that were ascertained, that the entire cost during this period was not less than one thousand five hundred dollars. This was wholly lost, for, had the boy remained a little longer at the trade of tailor, he would have been less expensive

every year, and those frightful bills would have been saved. But this was only the beginning of troubles.

In all, our runaway tailor would be at sea for about twenty years, during which time he was wrecked again and again. He advanced from one position to another until he became master of a vessel. He was in the employment of some good owners, but he was never successful for a long time together. Sometimes he would lose his vessel, and for months he would be at home spending the savings of previous voyages. At length he got married, but he had no money, hence he borrowed from his father, expecting that he would be able to repay, but alas ! he never did so.

Like many sea-faring men, he had acquired some bad habits, especially those of drinking beer and smoking tobacco. We have met with some notorious consumers of the weed, but we are not aware that we ever met with one who could surpass him of whom we now write. He would smoke the live long day when not on duty. One day he acknow

ledged to the writer that he had consumed no less than *nine* shillings sterling on Havanas. The thing seemed incredible, and yet he assumed that it was even so.

During the latter years of his life our hero often regretted the follies of his youth. When in company with boys, he would admonish them on the folly of mixing up with those who are prodigals and spend-thrifts, and to his youngest brother especially, who was rather inclined to be gay, he would beg of him to be considerate, and learn a lesson from his miserable life, as he always considered that the misfortunes which had befallen him were the results of his youthful follies. He considered that his want of success in business lay not in his lack of ability or skill, but solely because he had disobeyed his parents, and had refused to take heed to the wise counsels that were given him in youth.

The vessel of which he was the commander left Liverpool, May 18th, bound to China. He arrived safe, and wrote letters to his wife

and friends in England as to the time when he expected to return home, but, alas! he never reached the cliffs of his native land. The vessel sailed from China, and that was all that ever could be heard. No one escaped to tell the sad tale. His remains are somewhere buried in the great deep, where they must remain until the greedy sea shall give up her dead.

Thus another widow was cast upon the charity of the world. A large circle of friends were filled with lamentation. One whose early life had been the cause of much sorrow to his parents passed away, and his career has been portrayed to caution those who may read this story against being stubborn and self-willed. Learn to be calm. Suffer those to counsel you who are persons of experience. Never disobey your parents. To obey your parents is the first commandment with promise. Trifle not with engagements. Covenants are not made to be violated. They are sacred trusts. Guard against sensual indulgences. Be not the

slaves of appetite. Suffer not yourselves to be overcome with evil. Keep an embargo upon all your passions. Go not in the way of evil men. Keep yourselves pure. "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

CHAPTER VI.

BACHELORS' HALL.

THERE are few persons who see life in so many different phases as Methodist Ministers. They are sometimes surrounded by all the comforts and by rich viands that might satisfy an epicure, while at other times, they sit down to a scanty table which contains the coarsest fare. Occasionally the humble itinerant of the olden time especially, was entertained at the houses of the rich, where a Brussels carpet would be spread under his feet, and servants would be in attendance to execute his bidding ; while, in other instances, his home would be in some humble cot, where the pinching hand of poverty was often felt. Here he must take such things as are set before him, asking no question for conscience' sake ; and should he have to sleep in a garret where he can behold

daylight peeping through the thatch, or have other beds in close proximity to his own, he must not be offended, for even Christ had not where to lay his head.

In the days of our boyhood, we heard of two itinerants, one of whom was somewhat remarkable for waggishness, and the other was equally remarkable for his love of good cheer. While one was labouring in the Town, the other had to peregrinate in the country. It so happened that on one occasion, when the waggish brother came in from the country, he told his colleague, that when he went to Hopetown, he was to inquire for Mrs. Mary Kindheart, a Linen-draper, at whose hospitable abode he was to tarry. "Aye, aye, that I will," said the brother, smacking his lips in the meantime, and exclaiming, "that'll be a good shop." The wag, of course, took care to conduct himself throughout the whole affair with becoming gravity.

In due time the epicurean brother arrived at the place and began to look for the sign-

board of Mrs. Kindheart, but, alas ! after wandering up and down the street he could not find the desired haven. He therefore began to inquire, first of one and then another, for the whereabouts of the establishment of the Linen-draper. A female, to whom he directed his inquiries suspected who he was, and before she conducted him to the object of his inquiry, she took the liberty of asking him his name, on hearing which she said, "Oh ! oh ! you are one of ours, come along." This was more than the itinerant expected. He thought to himself, if his guide was what she said, "a sister," then alas ! for him. She informed him that it was old Molly Kindheart, that he was inquiring for, and so saying, led him to the "Linen-draper's." He had to wend his way through one narrow street after another, until he was introduced to the domicile of "old Molly," whom he found in a most disorderly state. He thought she looked as though she had not been washed for a week. Her clothes were of the most miserable description, and

she was occupied sorting rags upon the floor, a bundle of linen ones here and another bundle of woollen ones there ; in short, the house was one of the most uninviting into which he had been privileged to enter for a long time past. And this was the Linen-draper's shop ! We will not attempt to describe the feelings of our poor brother, who at once saw how his credulity had been imposed upon ; but, we can assure our readers, he had a volley of hard words ready for his waggish brother, the next time they met. But to return. Bachelors' Hall was so called from the fact that *three* descendants of the apostles resided there. The house itself was a pretty comfortable one, though there were some drawbacks to it. It was small, inclined to be damp at certain seasons, and, like some others, it was on the basement story of the church—called chapel. The furniture, though not of the most elegant description, was, nevertheless, on a par with the house. But what of all this ; supposing the house had been of the most splendid architecture, and supposing, too, that

the furniture had been of the newest style, without a *lady*, it was like a beautiful cage without a singing bird. It was a comfortless home. When the poor itinerants returned from their long rounds, cold and wet, as they often were, they must first kindle a fire before they could have the least comfort, and should a kind friend ask them to dinner or tea, probably they would be mortified to find, that on their return the fire needed to be re-kindled.

We had almost forgotten to state that Bachelors' Hall only contained *one* bed. Happily the three sons of Levi were but seldom all at home together. The sphere of their labours was very extensive, being some *fifty-two* miles in length and *thirty-two* in breadth, so that the reader may judge, there were many toilsome journeys as there was no railway nor stage coach within the bounds of the Circuit, and the Stewards were too poor to provide the preachers with either horses or travelling equipments. For *three* weeks and *five* days they never saw each

other, and even then only *two* of them met, and *that*, too, after an absence of *six* weeks.

There were some curious incidents transpired on *one* of the rounds. At a certain place the youngest of the three was inquiring his way to the house to which he had been directed to make his home while he remained in that locality. He called to a man in a hay-field as to the road he must take, who replied thus : “ *Thou mun gang up that lun, ower yon stee, thro’ yon close, by yon lair, up yon hill, and then thou’lt be a’t house.*” This was a strange direction for a person who had never been twenty miles from home until a few weeks ago, when he commenced his itinerancy in that Circuit.

It may be proper to explain that this strange direction simply meant, thou must go up that lane, go over yon stile, through yon field, by yon barn, all of which will lead to the house after which you are inquiring.

At another place the same youthful preacher met with a strange reception. He went to the house to which his letter of instruction sent

him, and inquired if a preacher was expected there that day? A female was seated near a turf fire with a child upon her knee. She gave him no answer, but, called out, "George," who replied, "what's tha want?" "Come tha here." He came, a rough, austere-looking man, who gazed at the preacher rather significantly. The latter said, "Do you expect a preacher to-day, sir?" "*Ah, know nout, is thou him.*" "Yes sir, I'm sent." "Thou *mun* come in," and away he went to attend to his business. Rather a strange reception.

It was sometimes exceedingly difficult in certain seasons, for the ministers to find their way from place to place. A dense fog would settle on the mountains, which would so bewilder travellers that they would wander for hours in the greatest perplexity, and then perhaps arrive within a few yards of the place from which they started, though they expected that instead they were ten or twelve miles away. In other instances the villages or hamlets would be placed in such obscure

positions, that a stranger would not for a moment think, that human beings dwelt there. One place was described by a writer "as being in the form of an ass's shoe, and an iron bar across the end," which was surrounded by stupendous mountains. The writer was one of the speakers at the first Missionary Meeting held in this obscure place, which was called "the great meeting." Several were present who were well stricken in years, and who had never been at a Missionary Meeting until that night. On entering the humble dwelling of the old lady with whom we lodged at this place, she gave us a hearty welcome, but placing her chair opposite to us on the other side of the open fire-place. she very significantly said, "*Now, hinney, thou mun tell me all thow knows.*"

We could detail several more incidents, illustrative of the character of the people with whom the *three* bachelor preachers had to do, but the above may serve to shew that many of them were of the original stamp.

It must be observed, however, that while occasionally there would be some things which were repulsive, there were amongst the people some genuine Christians. Poverty was characteristic of the majority of the people, and at that time education was at a low ebb.

Perhaps the reader would have no objections to have a description of the inmates of the Hall. Well, here they are, one was a widower. He was the Superintendent, or, as he was called by the people, "*the auld chap.*" He was an interesting little man, a fine friend, a pleasant companion and a good domestic ; consequently, when he was at "the hall," his younger brethren could rest in comfort about cooking, &c., as they knew their "father" would be sure to provide all things decently and in order. The *second* was a charming companion, and could rhyme by the hour. The *third* had been but a short time away from his mother, by whom he had been much indulged. He was necessarily lacking in experience. His brethren and the people gene-

rally were kind to him, for which he feels thankful to this day.

When the "senior black coat" was absent from the hall, there were some scenes enacted, which would have been fine themes for a painter to have drawn on canvas. We may give one as a specimen of some others. It was dinner time. There was but one of the brethren at home, and he thought that for once he would have a comfortable meal. He had cooked some potatoes, and now he must fry some steak. Accordingly, the pan was put on the fire, which happened to be very hot. The meat was soon cooked, and now, like a good cook, he must have some gravy; he ran for some flour and some water which happened to be cold. Instead of pouring the water gradually into the pan, he did it in haste, and soon there was a blaze, when he seized the pan and burnt his arm, which of course was more than he had bargained for, therefore he threw down the blazing article, which of necessity was soon cracked in the middle, and he never more

ventured to cook his dinner in Bachelor's Hall.

Perhaps some of our female friends may be ready to say, "the bachelor preachers were right served. Each should have taken to himself a wife." Be merciful, fair friends. Know ye not that such is the inexorable law of Methodism the world over ; that all its "helpers" must travel *four* years' probation before they can be permitted to visit Hymen's Altar ; and as only one of the three had fulfilled that regulation, consequently he was the only one entitled to the privilege, and he having been at the altar before, he seemed to be more than ordinarily cautious about visiting the sacred place again. The other two often threatened to leave him, but all in vain ; for two long years he lived in that solitary place without one of the daughters of Eve to comfort him. We will not, in this place, say anything against what some have been pleased to term, "the popish rule of Methodism," but would just say for the comfort of our fair friends, that all the three

bachelors in due time became perfect members in society ; that is, they got married ; and so will not be likely ever to go through the scenes of Bachelors' Hall again.

During the time that the three sons of John Wesley resided in the unique spot with which we have now made our readers acquainted, the subject of Phrenology was exciting great attention in some parts of England. The two junior bachelors entered into the subject with great spirit, no doubt believing that the subject was true. One day a wandering lecturer visited the town. He found his way to the hall where he was entertained for an hour. The lecturer was a believer in Mesmerism, and he was accompanied by two females, both of whom he could put into a state of clairvoyance, and then excite the different organs of their craniums. This was grand for our juvenile friends who had never seen the like before. The lecturer in a day or two got up a public meeting which they both patronized. This was an unfortunate step, as the people became dissatis-

fied and thought that their ministers should have been better employed than in patronizing a man about whom they knew so little. We believe the young men never allowed themselves to be drawn again into such circumstances. It is dangerous to take up with strangers, and we may learn how circumspect ministers have need to be ; for whenever they deviate in the least from their own peculiar path, there are always some ready to send up a tremendous hue and cry. It would be well for all persons to ascertain what are the principles of every lecturer who may ask their patronage, for without they do so, they may bring themselves into serious difficulties.

We take leave of Bachelors' Hall by saying that it has become the abode of ministers, who have each in their turn entered the marriage state, and whatever may be said by some about the advantages of a single state, we advise all persons, particularly ministers, to leave that state to those who can do no better, and follow St. Paul's ad-

vice and become the husband of one wife, as thereby, they will escape many of the temptations which beset the path of young men who go from place to place and mingle with all sorts of people. None but those who have trod the path of an itinerant know the difficulties with which such persons have to contend. Moreover, what can be more cheering after a sojourn of some days among persons of different classes than to return home and find a kind wife, who has provided everything necessary for her husband's comfort.

“ But this I say, brethren, the time is short ; it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none.” The truth of this saying of Scripture has often been verified, and in the course of a few years its truth is again and again fulfilled.

He who was the widower in Bachelors' Hall, after a residence there of two years took to himself another wife, who was in all respects a suitable companion for him ; but after twelve or thirteen years had rolled

away he left his beloved companion a widow, with several children to mourn their loss. A few more years passed away and the pale horse and his rider came for her also, and thus the dear children were left orphans. May the God of their father protect them. He did not leave them wealth, but he left them a better heritage, the legacy of a godly example. He was a blessed man, one whose memory we revere and with whom we hope to walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. The second bachelor, after being a married man for the space of twenty years, was called from the busy scenes of life, and the youngest himself, now somewhat stricken with years, is the writer of this article. He reveres the memory of those departed ones who have passed on before.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MODEL MINISTER.

I N the course of our life, we have known many ministers in various branches of the Church of Christ, in all of which there were not a few whose names we revere and whose works praise them in the gate. Most of those with whom it has been our privilege to associate, have had some peculiarity by which they were distinguished from others. In some, the gift of oratory has been conspicuous ; in others, there would be much rhetorical flourish, while probably the majority were known for their plainness of speech, mingled with perspicuity of style. It is not going too far to say, that some whom we have known in the priest's office, committed a great mistake when they took upon themselves the office of the ministry, for if they were really called to the apostleship, we

hardly think that any could see evidence of the call but themselves. It is not to be expected, but that there would be instances of moral delinquency, even among those who believed themselves called of God to be His ambassadors to mankind, but we venture the opinion, that of the hundreds whom we have known, there were but few who brought reproach upon the sacred office. Let the same number of persons be selected in any other profession, and we believe there would not be found such a number of disinterested, upright, consistent persons. We have been accustomed to mingle with ministers from the days of our boyhood, and know whereof we affirm.

There is, however, one minister, whom we knew for about forty years. He came to the house of our parents at an early period of our life, and as the house was not large, it often fell to our lot to sleep in the same room, and in many instances, occupy the same bed, with this man of God ; and well do we remember how he impressed our youthful heart with a sense of admiration for his character.

There was an amount of sanctity and gravity about him, which we do not remember to have seen about any other minister, with whom we were acquainted, and some how or other, we could not help thinking that he was a good man, not that we intend to convey the idea that others were not good men, but only that he was good to an extraordinary degree. In private prayer, both morning and evening, we well remember how that he used to spend much time, and when reading the Holy Scriptures he would do so kneeling. It was the custom in those days for ale to be used at dinner and supper, but, the minister in question, could never be induced to partake even of the home-brewed beer, but would excuse himself by saying, that he "abstained for example's sake."

As we grew to manhood, and were also called into the ministry, we became more familiar with the history of our protege, and were better capable of forming a correct opinion as to the ability and character of him whom we have chosen to designate, by the

title at the head of this chapter ; and we are glad to record the fact, that our better acquaintance did not cause us to alter the opinion that we had formed of him in our youthful days. In all succeeding years, though we had many opportunities of being intimately associated with him, we were more and more convinced of the correctness of the position that we had assumed.

His piety was conspicuous. Religion with him was not an empty name, or a vague profession ; nor was it a matter of mere sentiment, but a work of grace in the heart. At an early period in his life he became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and though he could never tell the exact day, nor the hour, when the happy change was effected, yet he felt satisfied that he was a child of God, and could testify that he knew in whom he had believed. From the moment of his espousal of Christ, he knew nothing among men save Christ Jesus and Him crucified. It was his constant desire to become a burning and shining light ; hence, he hungered and thirst-

ed after righteousness, and panted after inward holiness. Believing as he did, that entire sanctification was the privilege of all believers, he sought this great blessing, and for more than thirty years he testified that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." To assist his growth in grace he often spent whole days in humiliation and fasting. Sometimes he would set apart a day in the week for this special purpose, and when thus engaged, he would examine himself most minutely, and test himself by the highest standards of moral excellence. He was never proud of his attainments, nor loud in his profession of holiness, but, in meekness and humility, he would declare what great things God had done for him. To his dying day, he believed and preached holiness of heart, and one of the last public efforts of his life was delivering a lecture to the ministerial students on this all-important subject. He was an eminently holy man.

Such being his character, he was necessarily a man of prayer. Whatever difficulty

he might have to encounter, he would be sure to pray about it. He believed in God as an answerer of prayer. This was the main secret of his success. In his intercourse with young ministers, when they would be relating any particular difficulty, which they had to encounter, he would always say, "Be sure and say your prayers over it." This was the method which he pursued, and having experienced its advantages, he could with confidence recommend it to others.

Eminent piety is always essential to usefulness. No man, no matter what may be his talents, can succeed in the great work of the Ministry, unless he is pre-eminently a man of prayer. The man Christ Jesus, who is the model of all true ministers, spent much time in this exercise, and was wont to spend whole nights in prayerful intercourse with his Heavenly Father.

While, however, our model minister was a man of much prayer, he was not a fanatic. He did not regard prayer as the only duty which devolved upon him. He studied to

“ shew himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth ;” hence, he redeemed the time, that he might have opportunity to pursue his studies. When only eighteen years of age, he was called to engage in the holy ministry. Of course, he did not enjoy the advantages of a course of scholastic training. His educational advantages in youth were meagre, but he applied himself with so much diligence to the pursuit of knowledge that his attainments were both varied and extensive, and those who knew him best, were often astonished at his proficiency. He occupied some hard stations in the Church of which he was a minister ; indeed the denomination, when he became associated with it, was in its infancy, and was mainly composed of poor people. At his first appointment, which was in South Wales, the house at which he lodged was small, and he could only share a bed in company with two other persons. In all the circuits to which he was appointed, he never preached

less than six or seven times a week, often in the open air, besides performing long journeys on foot.

There was no prescribed course of study for young ministers in those days, all followed their own inclinations, and formed their own plans, but our model minister, being a Methodist, felt it to be his duty to make himself familiar with the writings of Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, and other Methodist authors ; but, above all other books, he read the Bible. No day elapsed without a considerable portion of time being occupied with the Book of Books. He was not in circumstances to enrich himself with a large library, as through life he was poor, often extremely so, and as he would never contract debts without a probability of being able to pay them, he would not even purchase books on credit. But though he was not able to enrich himself with tomes of literature, such books as he owned were well read ; and during the years of his probation especially, he read few books except such as were written by Methodist authors. No doubt this

was the chief reason why he was always regarded to be a sound Methodist theologian.

Our model minister was very anxious to be able to read the Scriptures in the languages in which they were originally written, hence he devoted himself with intense application to the study of Greek and Hebrew, and after some time spent with these, he began the study of Latin and French, in all of which he could read and speak with considerable fluency. To those who knew how much official business he had to transact, and how much time was necessarily consumed in the various duties of his circuits, some of which were extensive, and among the most important in the connexion, it was astonishing that he accomplished so much. But the secret was, he was always methodical and punctual. "He was never unemployed, nor triflingly employed." When he became editor of the connexional publications, which office he sustained for the period of six years, his whole time could be spent with his books, though he even then preached for the most part

twice every Sabbath. At this period of his life, however, he has been known to spend fifteen or sixteen hours daily in reading and writing. Such close application was too severe a task for his fragile constitution.

When he was appointed Governor of the College, and also Theological Tutor (to both of which offices he was the first minister in the denomination so appointed), he was a mature Christian, but he was still an earnest student, and was bent upon increasing his stock of knowledge as far as his opportunities allowed. He did not indulge much in speculative studies, but always aimed to be practical; hence in all his discourses and published writings, there is nothing doubtful or ambiguous. Usefulness was the great thing which he studied to accomplish, and to this end he used such language as could not be condemned. He truly sought to find out acceptable words, and lost sight of everything but how to be useful. For popularity, so called, he cared but little. His highest ambition was to save souls. None could hear him

either from the pulpit or the platform without being convinced of this ; hence, while there was nothing to offend the most fastidious taste, and every sentence would be grammatically constructed, yet all his addresses were prepared and delivered in the most plain and easy style. He studied to be perspicuous, and this he accomplished without the least indication of bombast.

Our model minister excelled in another department of ministerial qualification—he was a faithful pastor. He shepherded the flock well, and took great pains to watch over it in love. When it was our privilege to be associated with him, the circuit system was more prevalent than it is at present. Circuits were large, so that in some instances, four or more ministers would be stationed to one circuit, who would have twenty or, may be, thirty preaching appointments under their care. At each of the smaller places service would be held once a fortnight on the week evenings, which would be supplied by the ministers in turn, and also

occasional services on the Sabbath, and the rest of the appointments would be supplied by local preachers. When the ministers held services at the respective country appointments, they would remain over night in the neighbourhood, and during the forenoon of the next day they would call upon as many of the members of the flock as circumstances would allow. Of course all were not alike in the discharge of this important duty: some would do it in a very perfunctory manner, if they ever did it at all, but he whom we regard as our model minister was sure to be found attending to pastoral duties at every place where he tarried for the night. He did not merely visit the rich, or such as might be in better circumstances than the majority; indeed, we have known him found fault with by some of this class, as they considered his modesty caused him to pass them by. When told of this, he would say, "I would rather have the rich to complain of me, for slighting them, than the poor." To the sick, and such as were in trouble, he

was a faithful, sympathising friend, and safe counsellor. He would even tarry by the sick couch all night, if he thought there was a probability of the invalid being called away before morning. His deep sympathy and strong faith eminently qualified him for this branch of ministerial duty, which always made his labours to be very much appreciated, and tended greatly to make him successful in the great work of saving souls.

It did not seem to be possible for him to be comfortable if he did not see good done. He would weep and agonize with God in prayer on behalf of the flock over which he was made the overseer, and do all in his power to promote the welfare of Zion. It must not, however, be supposed that, in visiting the flock, he went merely to spend an hour in social converse. His visits were really pastoral in their character. He would inquire after the spiritual welfare of the inmates of the house, give such words of encouragement or admonition as he deemed to be necessary, then read the Scriptures,

offer prayer, and go on his way. In this manner, we have known him to make as many as twenty visits in one forenoon, and then, in the afternoon, he would go on his way to the place of his next appointment.

We venture to remark that the discharge of pastoral duties in such a manner as our model minister performed his part of such duty would, in general, be attended with similar results, though we are well aware that such a mode of visiting would not, as a general rule, give universal satisfaction. Many people are like a certain old lady on whom we called for the first time after our arrival at the circuit to which we were appointed. Having made certain inquiries of the good sister, we ended our visit with prayer, and were about to depart, and when shaking hands we said, rather facetiously, that we would call this one visit : "indeed," said the lady, "I shall do no such thing, for it is no visit, unless the minister brings his wife and spends the afternoon." So many of our people do not regard the call of their minis-

ter a pastoral visit, unless he remains a good portion of an afternoon or evening ; and thus he spends hours of precious time, in what the venerable founder of Methodism was accustomed to call, “godly chit-chat.” We think that the less there is of such visiting the better, as for the most part, it tends to dissipation, and is often productive of much injury both to pastor and people.

Our model minister, too, was faithful in administering the discipline of the Church. Official meetings were regularly held at the various places of which he had the pastoral care, when strict inquiries were made respecting all matters pertaining to the welfare of the flock ; and if he found that there were names of persons on the Church-roll, of whom there were doubts respecting their moral character, or who were negligent in their attendance at the various means of grace, he would insist upon the most rigid examination being made into such cases, and would see to it, that each one was dealt with according to his respective merits. On this

account some deemed him too strict, and by his faithfulness in cutting off unworthy persons from the Church, he often made himself enemies who would seek, by every means, to stir up strife. He once wrote thus in his journal, "Surely I have need of patience while labouring among men who love to have the pre-eminence, and who cannot bear to have their wishes crossed in the least. While I have had to suffer from those quarters, the following passage has constantly followed me, 'The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves.' Again, 'I am called to suffer the imputation of unkind things of which I am wholly innocent. To have my motives misconstrued, and what I do in kindness to be considered as proceeding from pride and haughtiness, is always a source of trial to me. But I am enabled patiently to submit to it.'"

Thus it will be seen that sometimes his path was far from being as smooth as some

people think falls to the lot of ministers. But he lived only to do good, and regarded it to be as much his duty to occasionally use the chisel and mallet of discipline as to preach those truths which are of the most pleasant and agreeable kind, the tendency of which is always to cheer and delight the people of God. He was often the subject of bodily weakness, and had frequently apprehensions that he would probably be called to fill a premature grave. Once he wrote : “The labours I have undergone have considerably impaired my health, and injured my constitution. There is every probability of my coming to a premature grave.” Still there was no complaining of the hardness of his lot, but the contrary. “On looking back upon the years that are passed, I see cause for great humility. Alas ! what little zeal ! what little love ! what weak faith ! what little spirituality of mind have I enjoyed to what I should possess ! How poor my qualifications for the important work in which I am engaged ! Yet I feel grateful to God, that

he has allowed me to be put in trust with the Gospel, and that he has enabled me to labour so much as I have."

From these extracts the reader will see that our model minister was not high-minded, nor did he think of himself more highly than he ought to think. He was always ready to prefer others to himself, and in all the meetings in which it was our pleasure to be associated with him, he was always disposed to take the humblest place. When the ministers were being stationed at the district meeting or conference, he would never be seen to interfere or use the least influence to secure any desirable appointment for himself or any special friend. We have known him, when a word would have secured for him a much more desirable station than the one to which he was sent, and yet he would be perfectly passive. We do not believe that he ever, in a single instance, sought to influence those who had the power in making the appointments, but cheerfully went to whatever place he might be sent. He was a

purely disinterested man, strictly conscientious in the most minute matters. None could charge him with mercenary motives. Though poverty was his lot, yet he never complained, even though he was obliged to appear in the plainest garb. Like the Apostle Paul, he had learned, "in whatever state he was, therewith to be content."

We do not remember a minister who so well answers the description given by Cowper :—

"Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should direct me.

I would express him, simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine, uncorrupt ; in language, plain ;
And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

Such was John Petty, of the Primitive Methodist Church, England, who died in

the City of York, April 22nd, 1868, in joyful hope of a glorious resurrection. Those who knew him best will agree with us, that taking him all in all, we shall not readily find another in every respect equal to him whom we have chosen to designate *THE MODEL MINISTER.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DELINQUENT.

IN the days of our boyhood, Methodist ministers were accustomed to stay at our father's house, sometimes for days together. Among others, who did so, was a "canny Scotchman," whose career was somewhat sad, as the sequel will show. He was reared in poverty, but was favoured with such an education as the parish system of Scotland then afforded. We do not think that he had been taught any particular branch of trade, and as he advanced to manhood, he was unsettled, and altogether uncertain, as to what should be his future mode of life.

The choice which he made will perhaps excite some surprise, for he actually resolved to become a theatrical performer. He and another young friend became companions, and purchased such books as, they presumed,

would enable them to become somewhat distinguished in the profession which they had chosen. In due time, they thought that they were advancing so rapidly, that they might give a performance in the open-air, as strolling players of that day were wont to do. Their success did not equal their expectations, but this they attributed to the want of taste on the part of their patrons. Hoping that they would be better appreciated, they hired themselves to the manager of a theatre in Glasgow, feeling assured, that they would rise rapidly to fame, and soon become so popular, as to be able to secure whatever amount they might see fit to ask for their services. But, alas, for our ambitious youths, their talents, however brilliant they might appear in their own estimation, were not of that high order to draw a "full house," consequently, instead of being in constant demand as they fondly hoped to be, they received a polite intimation from the manager, that their services were no longer required.

Thus crest-fallen, our amateur performers,

or would-be comedians, one day left their lodgings in the city, and rambled about, they hardly knew whither, when, lo ! they espied a crowd of persons on "the green," who were gathered around a man, who was mounted on a chair, and addressing the multitude with some rather strange gesticulations of manner. They were prompted by a feeling of curiosity, to draw near and see what was to do, when, behold, there was a man of middle stature, plain appearance, with somewhat of a clerical garb, except that his coat, as one of them afterwards described it, "was one of the *fitch of bacon style*." In short, he was an earnest, Godfearing, humble, Methodist preacher, who merited the description given of George Thompson by Dr. Chalmers, "that he went about the work of soul-saving in a most business-like manner." This earnest son of John Wesley, in obedience to the Saviour's command, had gone out into the streets and lanes of the city, to invite men to come to the Gospel-feast.

There was something about this ambassa-

dor of the cross, which indicated to our hero and his companion, that however some clergymen might perchance, as a distinguished comedian expresses it, "preach truth as though it were fiction," yet such was not the case with him, whom they heard on "the green." Every word was spoken with power, and when any additions were made to the crowd, the man of God seemed at once, to preach directly to them, as though he were resolved to secure their attention, and gain them as adherents to his cause.

This was especially the case, when the chief person of our story joined the congregation. He never heard such burning words before ; all the sins of his life seemed to pass in review before him. He was horror stricken at the enormity of his crimes, and began to think, that until that moment, he had lived to no purpose. He wished that he had never left his lodgings, and yet here he was in the crowd ; he wanted to get away, and yet could not do so. The poor man felt such a perturbation of feeling, as he could not des-

cribe ; he was wretched in the extreme, and was so terrified that he felt afraid, lest he should there and then sink into hell.

As the crowd dispersed, "poor Sandy" returned to his miserable lodgings, without really knowing what he should do in the future. Of one thing he was sure, as he intimated to his companion, he was done with "the stage" for ever. A more honest mode of life should henceforth be adopted. He sought employment in a city factory, and embraced every opportunity to hear and converse with the minister with whom he had become so singularly acquainted.

As to the religious belief of this son of Scotia, we dare say it was like that of his countrymen generally, of the Calvinian type, while the minister whom he had heard preach, belonged to the Arminian school. They conversed together repeatedly, and the good man from south of the border soon found that he must force his way through a whole body of divinity, before he could reach the heart of his young friend. Eventually, how-

ever, they both could adopt the same creed. The young man saw, that in order to make his own salvation sure, he "must feel a sure confidence that Christ died for my sins, that he loved me and gave himself for me." Like all penitent sinners, the moment our young Scotch friend believed this truth, God pardoned and absolved him.

The intended comedian was now a devoted Methodist, and like all worthy members of that persuasion, he soon began to exercise his gifts, in telling others how he had found the pearl of great price. His meek and Christian deportment, gained him the admiration, even of some whose conduct he reprov- ed. The minister and official members of the Church promoted him from one position to another, until at length he was recommended as a suitable person to be employed in the Ministry.

The Theological Institutions of Didsbury, Richmond and Headingly were then unknown in the parent body of the Methodist Church, and not one of the minor bodies of

Methodism had as yet even thought of having "a school for the prophets." Had there been such an establishment, this embryo divine would doubtless have been sent thither, as his attainments in Arminian Theology were very limited, and his stock of general information was exceedingly small. Of course, he had but few sermons, for we believe that the contents of his library and wardrobe were compressed into one valise.

Methodist Circuits in England were very extensive in those days. The sons of John Wesley were then at any rate, literally "traveling" preachers. The itinerant would generally leave the circuit-town, on Saturday afternoon, or, at latest, early on Sabbath morning, and would not return until the Thursday or Friday following. Of course, one minister would remain in town, for in some instances there would be as many as four or five ministers in a circuit, all of whom would travel regularly round. The system was laborious and inconvenient, but it pos-

sessed this advantage, that such of the sons of Levi, who only could boast of having a small "stock in trade," could get along with comfort, seeing that they could often repeat the same sermon.

It was to one of those large circuits that the youth from "the land o' cakes" was sent. The reader may judge of its dimensions, when we inform him that we have just examined the Minutes of Conference, and find that the said circuit has been divided again and again, until now that one circuit has become eight or nine, and where five ministers were stationed, there are now nearly twenty.

We well remember the time when we first saw the "new preacher from Scotland." He had been at several of the places in the circuit before this, and had made his mark. Many inquiries had been made respecting him, and it was well known from what text he had preached at the various places which he had visited. We were a little curious on the occasion referred to as to whether the "new preacher" would take the same text

as had already done good service. The suspense was soon removed, for the text was announced to be "The Acts, xix. 2." Of course it was expected that the preacher would speak freely and without embarrassment, as he understood very well what he was to say. All were well pleased with what they heard though there was some peculiarity of accent and pronunciation; but the interest of the congregation was thereby increased.

Several years rolled away and the writer was called into "the active work." How well he was qualified for a work of such importance others must testify; but to him it was a somewhat pleasing anticipation that "the young man from Scotland" was to be one of his colleagues, and though he was not certain that there was another person in the circuit to whom he was known, he felt assured that his old friend would welcome him as one of his associates. Nor was he disappointed, for on arriving at the circuit town the house of our colleague was the first in

which we sojourned. He and his "better half" gave us a most cordial welcome, and for about twelve months we had much intercourse together, and often exchanged books and assisted each other in various ways.

Though we were young and inexperienced, there were some things about our Scotch colleague which seemed to us very strange and mysterious. His conversation was not so pious as we expected it to be, and his relation of certain things about various persons often filled us with astonishment. He was different from our other colleague, the superintendent, in every respect. His habits of study surprised us, especially when we knew that the first sermon we heard him preach was still in use.

The time came for us to separate, one of us, like Abraham, was sent by the Conference, to a circuit in the south, while the other was sent in a westerly direction among the mountaineers of a district which had long been famous in the annals of Methodism. We never met again in the capacity of mini-

sters, and indeed only once had we the privilege of seeing our former friend, when his appearance and the remembrance of how we had known him, affected us to such a degree that we left him with as little delay as possible. But we anticipate.

One day the writer was in his study when the postman rang the bell which we soon answered, and the first letter we opened contained the mournful intelligence, that the Rev. — had left the ministry in disgrace. We were stunned, and it was some time before we could recover our usual equilibrium. We made many inquiries as to what our friend had done, and learned that he had fallen into sin and tendered his resignation, which had been accepted. The unfortunate man took his family to a neighbouring town, where for the rest of his days, he dragged out a miserable existence.

Henceforth the career of this unhappy man was one of a downward tendency. We saw him standing at his second-hand book-stall, when he was truly the picture of poverty.

There he stood and tried to sell a book occasionally, but buyers were few. He was a poor shrivelled creature, who looked as though he did not obtain sufficient food to support his tottering body. Some of his children had grown up and were able to provide for themselves. His poor emaciated wife stood by him in all his troubles, and never forsook him notwithstanding his numerous acts of moral delinquency.

The Church of which he had been a minister overlooked the sad improprieties of which he had been guilty, and strove hard to save him from final ruin. Some of the ministers, from their own scanty resources, used to send him and his family relief. All fondly hoped that he was mending his ways, and that at length he would go down to the grave in peace ; but, alas ! all the while that he was thus being nursed and cared for, he was pursuing a course of conduct which was sapping the very vitals of his constitution and hastening him to a premature grave. " The little Scotchman," as he was now de-

signated, was not so regularly at his book-stall as formerly, and when there his appearance was of the most ghastly description, and at length he was absent altogether. His abode was visited by a good samaritan friend, who procured for him a medical attendant and such other comforts as a dying man needed, but his life was fast ebbing away. The gentleman of "the healing art" who visited him was unremitting in his attendance, and even called other members of the profession to his assistance ; but their united skill, aided by the most powerful stimulants, could not keep the soul and body of their patient together. The medical gentlemen assured him that they were baffled with his case, and advised him to make a speedy settlement of his affairs, and make all needful preparation for his final exit, as they could not hold out the slightest hope of his long continuance in this life.

The dying man, as though he was at length aroused to a state of consciousness as to the real state of his condition, confessed to the

good samaritan friend that his life had been one of deception, and that even while he was making the greatest pretensions to piety he was practising sins which he durst not mention, and that his course of vice had brought him to this end. "The good samaritan" had seen many unhappy cases of sin finding a man out but he never saw the like of this. Here lay a moral wreck. As the samaritan thought on the past, and remembered how that the victim of sin and disease whom he now saw, had often pointed others to the Saviour, so he now besought him to seek for mercy at the hands of God who will abundantly pardon. Prayer was repeatedly offered, and the good samaritan said that he hoped never to see such another case.

Death soon came and ended the career of one who might have been of service in the Christian Church. Let us cast the mantle of charity over him and leave him in the hands of a merciful, but just and holy, Jehovah. The good samaritan friend saw him decently buried, and the writer begs his readers

to watch and pray lest they enter into temptation. "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile." "Stand not in the way of sinners." "Depart from evil." A man cannot take hot coals into his bosom and not be burnt, nor can young people associate with bad companions, or read books which are of a vicious tendency, or witness such exhibitions as are to be seen in places of amusement, or attend carnivals and masquerades, without having their morals corrupted, and bring themselves into circumstances, from which they will wish, when too late, to be extricated.

CHAPTER IX.

MISSIONARY SINGERS.

THERE is probably no county in England equal to Yorkshire for zeal in the cause of missions. It was at Leeds, a town in the said county, where the Wesleyan Missionary Society was inaugurated, and for many years, the keynote Missionary Meeting has been held at this celebrated place. During the missionary week in October, including one Sabbath, services of various kinds are held, all of which tend to fan the flame of missionary zeal, and such as attend those hallowed services can never forget the seasons of enjoyment in which they then participate.

To attend a Missionary Anniversary in a Yorkshire village, is an event of more than ordinary interest. Business of every description seems then to be suspended, and the

villagers will look for their friends to visit them, that they may enjoy the festal day together ; some favourite minister or ministers will attend as " the deputation," and all will strive to do their utmost to make the anniversary a grand success. The collectors will have visited all the subscribers in their respective districts, and will have their moneys ready for the local treasurer who will present a full report at the public meeting. If the total receipts do not exceed the proceeds of the preceding year, there will be something like universal disappointment.

Some missionary collectors display considerable ingenuity in raising money. We have known some to dedicate a sheep, or a pig, or a calf, or geese to the good cause, while some would even retail small wares, or gather rags, and devote the proceeds to the missionary cause. The ladies, of course, are almost sure to have a tea-party on the anniversary day, and, may be also, a bazaar, at which their ornamental and useful articles will be exhibited in the grandest style.

Canada, though very zealous in the missionary enterprise, has not yet equalled the mother-country in its zeal in contriving ways and means for the extension of the good cause. An amusing incident occurred about twenty years ago, in one of the townships of Ontario. Two young ladies who were missionary collectors were peregrinating abroad, when they met one of the municipal councillors to whom they stated their business, and solicited aid for their laudable object. He very playfully said, "There is a hill yonder which the Council has agreed to have levelled down, and they have appropriated twenty-five dollars for the purpose, if you'll get the work done, I'll give you the money." "Agreed," said the ladies, "we'll get it done."

In a few days afterwards the said councillor saw a number of young men with teams at work, reducing the hill, and about noon a number of young ladies were there also, having prepared dinner for the voluntary workmen whom they had secured to perform the

work assigned ; in short, these ingenious ladies had got up “ a bee ” for the purpose of reducing the hill, and when the work was completed, the pathmaster inspected the road, and declared himself well-pleased with the manner in which the work had been performed, and gave his order on the Treasurer of the municipality for the payment of the amount appropriated by the Council. The ladies were jubilant about their success, and the said hill is often known even at this day as the “ Missionary Hill.”

The scene, however, with which we desire to make our readers acquainted transpired in one of the dales of Yorkshire, not far from the famous mountain known as “ Roseberry-topping.” A number of friends—chiefly young people of both sexes—met together to improve each other in the grand accomplishment of singing. Having learned a few tunes, they were encouraged to sing in public, and one evening, as the moon and stars were shining brightly, our amateur singers had been at the meeting for practice,

and were dispersing to their respective homes, when they commenced singing in the open air, and, as the quiet of evening was universal, the sound of the music was heard at a great distance. Some of the denizens were just retiring to rest, and, as the sound of vocal music reached their respective domiciles, they wondered what it could be. Just now, the choristers arrived at the residence of some of their company, for whose special benefit they sung a farewell song. As the piece was being sung, the master of the house, not knowing what to make of all this nocturnal music, threw up the sash of his chamber-window, and, when there was a lull of the singing, he called out, "Who are ye?" One of the company replied, "D'y not 'naw y're naighbours, and here's twa of y're awn bairns amang us." "Weel, weel," said the sleepy listener, "come back at Christmas, and aw'll pay ye."

This was a new idea. "Come back at Christmas!" The musical performers had never imagined that they would so soon be-

come so distinguished as to receive money for their services ; however, they talked the matter over, and as Christmas was coming, and the missionary meeting would shortly be held, it was soon suggested that the party should go forth on Christmas Day, and sing through the neighbourhood, and collect whatever they could secure, and appropriate the entire proceeds to the missionary meeting.

Christmas-day arrived, two old gentlemen, both of whom were official members in the Church, headed the vocal band, who started forth on their singing excursion. The old gentlemen rode on horses but the rest of the party, including several persons, both male and female, went on foot. During that memorable day, they went up hill and down vale, and called at all the farm-houses to which they could gain access, and sung a few choice pieces and then solicited aid for the mission cause. They were cordially received everywhere, and on reaching "the manse" of the parish clergyman, the reverend gentleman was so well pleased with

their services, that he not only gave them a contribution, but also regaled them with some of the good things, such as the tables of the gentry in England usually contain in profusion, at the Christmas season.

The day's travel was replete with numerous incidents, mostly of a pleasant nature. No person attempted to treat them otherwise than in the most civil manner. Most expressed themselves as being delighted that they had been visited in such a cheerful style. They were frequently invited to partake of "social cheer," but all the party being Methodists, they resolved, at the commencement of their day's toil, that they would not, on any account, touch intoxicating drinks. In several instances, they sung at the outside of the houses, and when they did so, even the horses on which the old gentlemen rode, seemed to be charmed as they stood perfectly still, and appeared to enjoy the strains of the Christmas melodies.

By reason of much walking, the young ladies began to experience a sense of fatigue,

and therefore it was suggested, that they should be lifted on the horses and sit behind the old gentlemen, as ladies were wont to do in the olden time. Soon stalwart arms were stretched out, and the maidens were seated beside the sires, and on, on the party went, making the air vocal with their jubilant strains. Once when the horses were drinking at a stream which ran across the road, by some means the young ladies were precipitated into the water, and thus received a colder ablution than they anticipated ; but, as this was the only accident which befel them in their day's peregrination, it only served to make them more merry for the time being. Pecuniarily considered, the singing was a great success, and for several years the practice of Christmas singing was continued, and from the last Missionary Report which came in our way, we learned the gratifying fact, that the sum of five pounds (equal to about twenty-five dollars) is credited to "Christmas Singers" at Bilsdale.

This incident shows that persons can, by

a variety of means, aid in the extension of Messiah's kingdom. Singing is a grand accomplishment. A person who can play skillfully on an instrument, or who is possessed of good vocal powers, is in possession of a talent which, if rightly employed, may be made the means of accomplishing much good, but, too frequently, musical talent is misappropriated ; hence we find those who are regarded as being possessed of more than ordinary skill in the musical profession, are frequently allured to operas and theatres, where their services are in great demand, and even opera-singers are sometimes to be found in church choirs on Sabbath days. Such things ought not to be, for Christ says " No man can serve two masters."

Let our musical friends remember that the talent with which they are endued is entrusted to them by God, and for the right and proper use of the same, they will by-and-bye be called to give an account. This noble gift should always be employed to promote the divine glory and the best interests of our

fellowmen. Let every one say with Paul, "I will sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." "Praise God in his sanctuary, praise him in the firmament of his power. Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psaltery and harp ; praise him with the timbrel and dance ; praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals ; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

CHAPTER X.

JETHRO.

“**A**ND Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, rulers of tens.” In the early church there were rulers and overseers. John Wesley chose men whom he designated class-leaders, who were put in charge of ten or twelve persons each, and he expected each leader to see their members once a week, and inquire how their souls prospered, and thus watch over them in love. Such an office has always been held to be inviolate in the Methodist Church, and whatever divisions may have occurred, and however much diversity of opinion may have prevailed on other subjects, the class-leader is an officer who is regarded to be of paramount importance in every branch of Methodism.

Such men are a valuable auxiliary, especially in large societies where it is impossible for the minister in charge to look after all the members, as he would wish to do. In some instances circuits are extensive, and consist of several preaching places, and it will be readily acknowledged, that here the office of class-leader is of vast importance, inasmuch as the persons who occupy such a distinguished relationship to the church, are under-shepherds; and when they faithfully perform their duties, they contribute largely to the welfare and prosperity of the church. Such class-leaders as William Carvosso, of Cornwall, Henry Longden, of Sheffield, Father Reeves, of London, and others whose names could be mentioned, have been of immense value to the societies with which they were connected.

The first class-leader, with whom it was the writer's privilege to be associated, was one of the most faithful whom we ever knew. He was regular in his attendance, punctual in commencing at the moment, and never

neglected to visit the absentees. When but a young man, this Jethro abandoned the path of the wicked, and associated himself with those who were travelling the King's highway of holiness. He would never be seen in the company of such as made sport of religion, or were disposed to point the finger of scorn at the pious, as though they were too strict in their conduct, and were righteous overmuch. The example of the wise was his model, and his companions were those who were "contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints." His religious course in youth saved him from the snares into which many fall, and he prudently avoided injurious habits, which some professing Christians have unhappily adopted. He never used tobacco in any form, and even long before Temperance societies were instituted, he could seldom be induced to enter a tavern, except he was necessitated to do so. He was a hard-working labouring man, but was very economical in his habits, and appeared to be resolved to better his condition

in life, whenever an opportunity for him to do so, should present itself. When he had attained to a suitable age, he entered the marriage state, and though his companion in life was of a delicate constitution and was often laid aside by affliction, which necessarily involved him in much expense, still, such was the frugal manner in which he managed the affairs of his household, that he saved a considerable portion of money, so that when he had attained the age of sixty, he was in circumstances to retire from business, having secured a competency for himself and wife, for the rest of their days. He thus proved by experience, that "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

From the time that Jethro became a married man, his house was open for the entertainment of God's servants. Once in two weeks, the circuit minister, would be sure to tarry at least one night under his roof, and at all times he was ready to minister to the necessities of the saints, and was given to

hospitality. During the time of our acquaintance with him, he resided at three different villages, in all of which he was the same steady, consistent, upright Christian man, who was always regarded as a man of integrity, and was held in great estimation by those to whom he was best known. The Church honoured him with its confidence, by appointing him to various offices, and as time advanced, he became more influential, and was always regarded as a pillar in the Society with which he was connected, and was regarded as a man whose judgment could be trusted, as he was always watching over the interests of the Church. At two of the places where he resided, he was the means of getting houses of worship erected, to both of which he contributed liberally, and was a member of both the Trust boards, and aided, in various ways, in the erection of churches at other places.

In the discharge of the duties of class-leader, we always considered Jethro to excel. While we were yet young, we knew him intimately, and for several years we were asso-

ciated with him in the same Society, and never knew him to be absent from his class, not even in a single instance.

We regret to say, that attendance at class-meeting now is not regarded by many to be such an essential duty as it was thirty or forty years ago ; hence, what we now write may be regarded by some as the language of exaggeration ; but this is not our design, as we wish faithfully to narrate what we have seen, and testify that which we know.

When we first knew Jethro as a class-leader, the class did not usually meet in connection with any other service, but would be held at a separate hour by itself, and would be so conducted as to be a season of grace. The singing would be lively, and never drawling ; the prayers would be short, more especially at the close, when two or three of the members would be exhorted to lead in prayer for a few minutes each, and all would be encouraged to get into faith, and bring blessings from on high. In this way, young members were encouraged to pray in public,

and were trained for future usefulness. In relating his own experience, Jethro would seldom speak long, and would always confine himself to what related to the present ; he would seldom make any allusion to the past, as present experience was what he most delighted in, and would endeavour as far as possible to encourage the same mode of speaking in others.

We have heard him say in class, "you know, friends, it is not what we were ten or fifteen or twenty years ago that will save us, but what we are now? Are we hungering and thirsting after righteousness? Do we desire to be filled with all the fulness of God? Are we growing in grace?" And when speaking to his members, he would mingle fidelity with the greatest kindness, and would give suitable counsel to all. Generally, when he had finished leading the class, he would give a few words of exhortation, bearing upon some Christian duty, such as family prayer, closet devotion, or avoiding the company of the unconverted. These

closing remarks, or, as we have heard them designated, "the leader's exhortations," were often of the most pathetic description, and were frequently highly commended by those who heard them. He truly loved the class-meeting. Once we remember, when he removed to a certain place, where for some cause no class-meeting had been held for several weeks, and then only at great intervals, he soon went after "the lost sheep," and though he could only induce some four or five to come together to speak to each other, he persevered, and always met the few chosen ones; who felt "a desire to flee from the wrath to come." In a few months, various accessions were made to their ranks, and when he felt it to be his duty to migrate again, he left the class in a flourishing condition; nor was this an isolated case, for we know of several instances, in which he resuscitated classes, which others had allowed to become almost extinct.

Nor was the class-meeting the only service in which he took pleasure in attending. He

was seldom absent from any of the public services of the sanctuary, and at the prayer-meeting he would be sure to be present, unless prevented by personal or domestic sickness. The visit of the minister at his regular "round," would always be hailed as a kind of "oasis," when he would not only report the state of his class, but would also make numerous inquiries respecting the welfare of Zion, from which it would be manifest how deep was his interest in everything that pertained to the well-being of the Church, of which he was an official member. Having been a regular subscriber of the Church monthly periodical for several years, he was well posted in all that was transpiring throughout its domains, and ever felt it to be his duty to do all in his power to aid the interests of the Church with which he was identified. We have, indeed, rarely met with a disloyal Methodist who was a subscriber to the Church periodicals.

As a visitor of the absentee members, Jethro was particularly deserving of commen-

dation. None could absent themselves without his knowledge, and such was the faithful record he kept in his class-books, that it could easily be ascertained how his members stood in respect to attendance. When a member was absent from class, he would soon visit the delinquent, and know the reason why. He would reprove or sympathise, or warn, as he deemed to be necessary ; hence, he was generally successful in preventing his members from backsliding. Where there was sickness or any other family trouble, he was ready to pour forth the balm of consolation. He could weep with those who weep ; and none ever found him otherwise than a friend in trouble.

We have known class-leaders who complained of lack time as a reason for not visiting their members. Jethro, for the greater part of his life was a labouring man, and even when he became a store-keeper in a village, he had but little leisure time ; but, somehow he would always secure sufficient to enable him to look after those whom he conceived

to be in danger of straying from the fold. Often have we seen him, between the intervals of service on the Sabbath, or on a week-evening, going from house to house among the members of his flock. He did not usually make long visits, and on every occasion he would remember the object of which he was in pursuit, so that his conversation would seldom consist of any other topics but such as were of a religious character. We were sometimes accustomed to accompany him on those visiting tours, and were always edified by his counsels and blessed under his prayers. He was truly a faithful man, all loved him as a pastor of the flock, and though some might occasionally be disposed to regard him as being too stern, and consider that he was more strict than circumstances required, yet we believe all revered him, and loved him as a father, who sought the welfare of those over whom he was put in charge.

We have reason to know, that Jethro was a man of much prayer. When his class did

not prosper, or when prayer-meetings and other services were not so faithfully attended, as he thought they should be, he would weep and pray in secret on account thereof. He had regular seasons for private prayer, and was often accustomed to plead much with God on behalf of such cases, as were the occasion of anxiety at the time. He did not own many books, but such as he had were very select, and were well read. We remember how constantly he read Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament. This was always a favourite book with him; and then, too, the 'Connexional Magazine,' several years' of which he had bound,—was one of his daily companions. These he read again and again, so that he was a good authority on all connexional matters.

When Jethro retired from business, he had the more time to devote himself to the interests of the Church, but he never allowed anything—no matter how important it might be considered by others—to interfere with his duty to his class. He always regarded

the claims of his class to be paramount above all others ; hence he would be sure to be found at his post. Blessed man ! the remembrance of his fidelity has often done us good, and stimulated us when we were disposed to be discouraged by reason of the difficulties that we encountered in our pathway !

If all class-leaders performed the duties of their office in the same faithful manner as Jethro was accustomed to do, we feel sure that the class-meeting would not be so often regarded as an unprofitable service, but it would truly become what it was always intended to be, a spiritual means of grace. "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels ; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

CHAPTER XI.

THREE BEACONS.

In a large town in the north of England, which was a favourite resort with Methodist ministers, there resided "a beloved physician," who was well skilled in the healing art, and whose services were often given gratuitously to them and their families.

It so happened that at a certain period of our ministry, we were laid aside by affliction, and having tried many physicians, and were no better, we went to the town where "the beloved physician" resided, that we might have the benefit of his skill. It was necessary that some of our visits should be protracted occasionally to three or four days.

On one of these occasions, while sitting in the house of a friend, who was never more happy than when a number of John Wesley's "helpers" were his guests, we were intro-

duced to a young man, who appeared to be about the age of twenty-one. He had just come from "over the border," and was holding forth as a temperance orator, wherever he could obtain an audience. His countenance was intelligent, but there was nothing else prepossessing about him. His coat and pants especially were threadbare, and both his hat and boots had evidently seen better days.

The wanderer had been picked up by Mr. Greatheart, in the course of the day, and having heard a good account of him from some who had been at his meeting, on the previous evening, he took pity on him, and invited him to the hospitable mansion where we found him. Doubtless, he was very glad of the exchange he had made, for he was now in comfortable quarters, from which there was no danger that he would soon be desired to remove.

The stranger was, in the course of the same day, introduced to the acquaintance of some other ministers, one of whom went in the

evening to hear him lecture. Having intimated that he had studied for the ministry, and the next day being the Sabbath, he was invited to occupy one of the pulpits of the town. He did so, and several of those who had made his acquaintance on the day previous, went to hear him. All were favourably impressed with the sermon, and in all our subsequent visits, we found that the young man was increasing the number of his friends, and was giving proof that he possessed more than an ordinary share of ability.

It so happened that there was a vacancy in the ministerial staff in that circuit, where we had all so agreeably met, and our young friend was solicited to supply the vacancy. He was more than willing to do so, and as the time of holding the annual Conference drew near, the question was entertained, as to how he should be introduced into the itinerant work. Testimonials relating to his character were required. These were forthcoming, but some of them were given in a very qualified manner, as though there was

something which the parties were afraid to divulge. Hopes were expressed that he might do well. But in that august assembly—a Methodist Conference—there are always to be found men who will take nothing for granted. Everything must be “fair and square” before they can vote, and on the reception of young men for the ministry, by whomsoever recommended, there must be a clear case.

Alas ! for poor Alek, his antecedents had not been of the most commendable and praiseworthy character. It was strange to some wise men from Gotham, how such an intelligent young man, so well qualified for the ministry, should be living such a vagrant mode of life, for it was intimated that even his temperance advocacy had only lately been taken up, and some even more than hinted, that his habits had not always been such as would justify the Conference, in taking such a person on trial, seeing that he had only recently come from Scotland.

Thus the matter stood, but at length by a

bare majority, the poor youth was allowed to be received on probation. For twelve months or more he did well. His friends were delighted. The circuit which had so cordially recommended him, and had expended a considerable amount of money on his behalf, that he might have a decent wardrobe and library, retained his services for the first year of his probation, and some of the members of the official board would gladly have retained him even longer but the majority were opposed to this.

As the circuit Official Quarterly Meeting did not deem it prudent to retain him a second year on the circuit, he was greatly offended, and in a fit of anger left the ministry. This epoch in his history took place at the time when the stamp-tax on newspapers was repealed, and it was thought that the circulation of the broadsheet would be so much increased that publishers and editors would be in great demand; hence our "retired probationer" supposed, that as his term in the ministry had increased the number of

his friends, he would be sure to have a large number of patrons, if he became the proprietor of a weekly journal. With these ideas floating in his brain, he soon issued a small sheet, which he edited with fair ability, but neither the subscription list nor the number of advertisements were equal to his expectations, consequently after a few months, the concern fell through.

Shortly after becoming an editor he married into a respectable family, whose acquaintance he had formed when in the ministry ; it was, therefore, necessary that he should exert himself to the utmost. He tried hard to establish himself as a journalist, first in one place and then in another, but did not succeed in a single instance. He had neither talent nor capital to compete with larger journals. He was unknown in literary circles. Had he commenced as a writer for different serials, instead of starting a journal of his own, he might have succeeded better ; but he did not choose the humblest position in the first instance, the consequence was, failure and defeat met him at every turn.

There is reason to believe that these repeated failures acted upon Alek as similar reverses have acted upon some other literary characters. Doubtless, too, his former habits returned upon him with great force, and the whiskey-bottle, when it could be obtained, was always resorted to.

The subsequent course of this poor unfortunate young man, who might have been a great blessing to his fellow-men, was henceforth one of pain and sorrow. A separation took place between him and his wife. She must of necessity go home to her friends, or starvation would, in all probability, befall her and her babes. Hoping that he might do better alone, he returned to the place of his nativity in Scotland, fully resolved to retrieve his lost fortunes and character ; and for a time, we have reason to believe, that he laboured hard to accomplish his noble object. But the appetite for strong drink was powerful. Want of suitable food often occasioned him much weakness and languor, and the stimulating liquor was had recourse to as a substitute.

Different modes of obtaining a livelihood were adopted by him during his short sojourn in Scotland, but the returns which he obtained for the productions of his pen were very precarious and uncertain, and failed to secure him sufficient for personal comfort. He was drawn into haunts of vice, and was often a companion of those who could reform all existing abuses both in Church and State, but had not sufficient moral courage to reform themselves.

Being a fluent speaker and having a pleasant mode of address, he often made short speeches in taverns, and would even sing songs for small portions of whiskey. Little did those who heard him preach in Wellington Street Church for the first time after setting foot on English soil, suppose that he who then discoursed to them on the satisfaction of Christ (Isaiah liii. 12,) would in a few years become a bar-room loafer, and be reduced to the lowest possible state of existence. But so it was, and here is another victim of the bottle. Another man of talent like Byron,

and Steele, and Shelley, and Addison, and a host of others, has been slain. Another candidate for the ministry has been hindered from plying his sacred vocation by the demon alcohol, which still rages in many parts of the Christian Church, and augments the crime and misery of the world.

The drinking customs still exist without much visible appearance of decline. Nations claiming to be Christianized derive a large portion of their revenue from the abominable traffic that kills without any mercy, men, women and children. As civilization extends its influence among barbarous nations the drinking customs follow, which are succeeded by diseases which savages never knew, but which soon tell upon the poor creatures by rapidly diminishing their numbers, until tribes and nations are swept out of existence. Truly we may say, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

We close this melancholy sketch of Alek by detailing the circumstances connected with his last few days, which may serve as a

beacon to all who may come after him in the voyage of life.

Matters having become hopeless with him at his native place he went to Edinburgh, where he was in such a state of extremity that in a fit of intoxication he attempted to commit suicide. Without any means of subsistence he went on "tramp," and made the attempt to walk to a small town in the North of England where his wife and children were residing, but when within thirty miles of the place his strength was so much exhausted that he lay in a haystack most of a fortnight, with scarcely a morsel of food. He was found by some men in a most pitiable condition, who soon informed the authorities of the town of his case, and by them he was removed to the Union Workhouse where he soon afterwards died of mortification of the extremities.

A small book was found on his person which contained the following entries in the form of a diary :—

" I was robbed last night of about £3, all

I had, and a suit of clothes. ‘The Cock of the Steeple.’” This was the cognomen by which he was known among those with whom he resorted in the scenes of dissipation. What a fall for one who had been an ambassador of Christ !

“The third day I have not had a morsel of food. I have had but one piece of coarse bread since Monday. Surely the bitterness of death is past ! Since then I have travelled from Edinburgh. My existence has been a curse to myself and to everybody connected with me, through my own folly. God help my wife and my poor children.

“Another day and not a bit of food. Five days and only a bit of coarse bread. Nothing stronger than water has entered my lips ; my clothes have never been off, nor have I lain in a bed. The side of a hay-rick or a plantation has been my bed. But I am justly punished. Don’t bury me like a dog ; my articles and speeches in this book will show that I have deserved better. Since Saturday morning last I have lived on about

two pennyworth of bread with no other drink than water. I have never been in a bed, seldom under a covering and then only some straw, and one night I lay in a pit-hut.

“I have now been under some straw by a hay-stack near Morpeth last night and all day. God knows whether I shall ever be able to proceed any farther. I would like to have got to C — to be buried there, that my poor wife, when she looks on my grave, might forgive me and weep.

“What a time of suffering it has been, but I trust it has been for my good. Speak kindly of me to my children. I am not able to walk, but I still have strength in the ordinary sense.

“Friday afternoon.—Life is a torment. I have misspent it. No man ever had better opportunities or made worse use of them. Send word to F —, say ‘the Cock of the Steeple’ is dead. I forsook God and He has forsaken me. Let my wretched fate be a warning to all, especially that they may never drink strong drink. Oh! God, have mercy

upon me, for the sake of Jesus. Five or six days and nights alone with conscience on the past life, O God, have a wonderful effect upon the mind. If I die now, I die not without hope. I believe, but with trembling.

“One week my punishment has lasted. I still lie here, but very weak, and much pained in the bowels.

“Another day without food or drink. Cold. When will the trial be over?

“Oh ! I am weary, one part of my body appears to be dead, I cannot go for a drink now. Seventeen days’ suffering, during that time had twice a piece of bread, twelve days without a morsel.

“Death comes on. I wait, I meet him without fear,—Jesus is all. Oh ! He has saved me, yet so as by fire,—these thirteen days. Oh ! bless Him for them ; to Him I commit my soul, my memory, my family, my all, Amen.

“ALEXANDER.”

This is certainly a dreadful end ! We can hardly suppose that any of our readers can

read the jottings in the journal without being affected. Here is a man of good talents and liberal education, who had often preached the Gospel to his fellow-men; and, had he remained true to his profession, there is no doubt but that he would have commanded important stations in the Church with which he was connected ; but before he had lived half the term of years allotted to man, he comes to a miserable end ! Does the reader ask how such a catastrophe occurred ? We reply in one word, DRINK. We warn our readers against this cruel, insidious foe. Mark you, we do not say that all who indulge themselves with the intoxicating draught will come to a similar end, but we do say emphatically, that the path of those who partake of the dangerous fluid is beset with snares, and moral wrecks can be enumerated in great numbers as the victims of liquor.

We are reminded that once in our ministry, there were two young clergymen, who resided not far from our place of residence, and when they preached at their respective churches,

there were always crowded congregations. Other ministers could only command small auditories, when their eloquent young brethren were occupying churches a few miles away. One of the said young clergyman had been a "fast young man," but having been reclaimed by means of Temperance, and having given evidence that he was a changed man, he was taken into the Church, and in due time was received as a minister on probation, but his old appetite again and again revived, and after repeated trials, he was dismissed.

Another section of the Church gave him a trial, and for a time he seemed to do well. He was gaining strength, and the number of his friends was rapidly increasing, but he was again overcome by his former enemy, and one Sabbath, when he should have preached in a certain church, he was in a neighbouring tavern suffering the horrors of *delirium tremens*, having sold his horse and travelling equipments, and spent the proceeds in drink. His friends could no longer palliate his conduct, and the last account we heard of him

was, that he was in one of the cities in the State of New York, a poor outcast from respectable society ; and yet, this was a young man, the announcement of whose name would at one time have filled some of the spacious churches in Canada, and whose Temperance orations were the nearest to those of John B. Gough of any it has been our privilege to hear.

The other young clergyman before mentioned held on his way for several years, but, perhaps, did not attain to such eminence as he and his friends at one time anticipated. We do not know how far this failure might be considered as one cause of his fall. It is, however, too true, that, in a Western town he was found in such a state as we cannot now describe, and not being able to endure the disgrace into which he had plunged himself, he migrated with his family across the line 45°, hoping that, among strangers he might recover his lost status ; but it became known as to why he had left Canada, and on this account no congregation seemed to be willing to take him on trial. His means were

soon exhausted ; he was visited with sickness ; and after a period of suffering, death ended his probationary state.

Surely these incidents are admonitory ; but, alas ! they are only a small portion of what could be given. Let the reader be admonished in time. Go not in the way of sinners ! Be not a companion of those whose ways are evil ! Do not use liquor in any form ! Be not high-minded ! Even should you not obtain so much favour as you think should be your portion, do not on that account brood over the matter as though an irreparable injury had been inflicted upon you, but rather let the apparent injury arouse you to increasing activity and devotedness to personal improvement, so that you may be fitted for stations of greater usefulness, should you ever be called to occupy them. Above all things, let truth and righteousness characterize you ! Be men ! Avoid everything that has the slightest appearance of craft and cunning ! “ In all thy ways acknowledge HIM, and He will direct thy paths.”

CHAPTER XII.

OLD NANNY BROWN.

“THERE is a small hamlet in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where forty years ago there lived a venerable couple, at whose humble dwelling the writer was accustomed to spend one evening in the month, when it was his lot to be stationed in that locality. The circumstances of this worthy pair were very poor, as the husband was much crippled with rheumatism, and having always been a labouring man, whose wages at the best of times were small, they had not been able to lay up much earthly treasure. Old Nanny was accustomed to do chores for her neighbours, and by hard industry they managed to subsist from day to day.

The largest room in their dwelling was the place in which religious services were regularly held, and we have often seen it crowded

to its utmost capacity. The villagers were mostly farm-labourers, and as their houses were small, but few of them could accommodate the itinerants as they went their rounds. The plan therefore usually followed was, for the minister to sup at one house, sleep where he preached, and take breakfast and dinner next day with other friends. To some of our readers this mode of proceeding may seem to be very peculiar, and doubtless there are those who would not like to act upon this plan in their respective circuits. Let us be thankful that times have so far improved, that there is no need to have recourse to such an itinerating process between meal-times. The plan, however, was very common in the early days of Methodism in England, and while it was not a very pleasant method to pursue, there were some advantages connected with it, inasmuch as the minister thereby became better acquainted with his flock than he otherwise would have been.

The venerable couple who lodged the

weary itinerant had no family, and having a small spare room sufficiently large to contain a bed, a chair, and a table, they were glad to have the pleasure of his company for the night ; and in no instance during the whole of our itinerant career, were we ever made more comfortable, than when we lodged under the thatch-roofed cottage of Tommy and Nanny Brown.

As soon as the congregation dispersed after preaching, an hour or two would be spent in social converse, and as Nanny was usually the most loquacious, the *praicher* would be regaled with all the transactions and occurrences of their life, until he would probably be compelled to ask the privilege of retiring to his place of rest. Old Nanny was possessed of a wonderful memory, and could remember the names and peculiarities of all the *praichers* who had travelled the circuit, and many an incident, amusing and otherwise, would she relate respecting those who had lodged under her roof in days long gone by. She was strong in her attachments,

and by no means weak in her dislikes, and though generally she had a kind word to say of all the sons of John Wesley, whom she had known, there were a few, of whom she was not backward in expressing her disapproval.

To hear this poor woman tell of the first love-feast she attended, was something more than ordinarily amusing. We must premise that she could neither read nor write, and her husband could only with great difficulty read a little, and he always signed his name with a cross. We would often, purposely to gratify the old lady, get her to relate the account of her first love-feast experience. She would begin, and we would listen, and now and then interject a word by way of surprise or admiration, and so encourage her to proceed.

It may be proper to state, that, at the time alluded to, love-feasts were a great novelty, and the rules laid down for their regulation were strictly adhered to. All the members of the society presented their tickets at the

door of entrance, and such as had not that token would be accommodated by applying to the minister, who would either be in the vestry, or in a neighbouring cottage, for the purpose of giving tokens to all worthy applicants. A friend was very desirous that Nanny should go to the love-feast, and, unknown to her, he secured her a note of admittance by which she entered.

The little village church, usually called chapel, was crowded, as members of the society had come from neighbouring places in great numbers, so that it was evident even to a stranger, that a good time was expected. The minister took his place in the pulpit and announced the hymn, which is usually sung at love-feasts, beginning with—

“Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine,
Give we all with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord !
Hands and hearts and voices raise,
 ng as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.”

The hymn was sung with great spirit, and as prayer was offered, many in the congregation responded audibly again and again, for it must be remembered that in those days, many of the people called Methodists were not so refined, but that they could shout aloud and respond with a hearty "Amen," when they thought proper to do so. The place was soon such a scene of earnest devotion and religious fervour, that poor Nanny did not know what to make of it. She had never seen nor felt the like before. Having been accustomed from her youth to attend the Established Church, the services of which consisted of a regular routine without the least change or variation from Sabbath to Sabbath, she was greatly bewildered, by reason of the fervour which was being manifested by many around her.

Just now, the bread and water were taken round. This perplexed her more than ever, and as the steward held the bread before her she refused to touch a morsel, as she thought there might be some kind of sanctity about

it which she did not understand, and being afraid of the consequences which might follow, she shook her head, to signify that she would not partake. The steward said, "Tak' a bit." "Aw wint," said Nanny. He then took a piece and gave it to her, but she still refused to touch it, but carefully wrapped it up in her pocket-handkerchief.

The speaking began, and she felt confusion worse confounded. Such talk she never heard in all her life before ; she was perfectly amazed, and could neither make end nor side of it. At length, however, a certain female, whom Nanny knew as Bet Dickens, related her experience, in which she said : "Aw bless God for what He's dun'e for me ; yance aw was blin'd, but now aw see." "That's a lee, howivver," said Nanny, "for aw've ken'd thou since thou were a lass, and thou nivver was blin'd in a' thy life." Next, a tall man arose, and said he could say with his sister, "Aw bless God for what He's dun'e for me ; yance aw was blind, but now aw see." On hearing this testimony, Nanny

said to herself, "Why, canny man, ye may ha' be'an blind for ought aw 'naw, for aw dinna ken ye ; but howsomivver ye are not Bet Dickens' brother, for aw've 'nawn Bet Dickens iver sin' she war a lass, and she nivver had a brother ; so ye've teld yah lee anyhow. Aw've often heerd it sed, that Methodies wint swear nor steal, but they'll lee, and now aw've pruv'd it."

The meeting progressed, and as the speaking continued, several used the same phraseology which had so perplexed poor old Nanny, "Aw bless God for what He's dun'e for me ; yance aw was blin'd, but now aw see," seemed to be common stock language, as it was more or less used by all. Poor Nanny thought to herself, what a strange lot of people, "why're, they've all been blin'd ;" and then she thought again, "why're it's impossible that all these here people can a'been blin'd ; they must ha be le'an, aw'll stop nea' langer, that aw wint," and so saying, she got up and left.

As she went on her way home, a friend

met her, and said "Holloa, Nanny, hae ye been at the Methody love-feast?" "Aye that aw hev," said she, "and aw'll gang nea' mare that aw wint." "Why're, what's matter, Nanny, what's matter?" "Matter, matter, d'ye say, matter eneugh, marry. Why're there's Bet Dickens had impittance to stand up afore me and say, 'Aw bless God for what He's dun'e for me; yance aw was blin'd but now aw see,' and ye' hev ken'd Bet Dickens iver sin she was a lass, and ye 'naw as weel as awde that she never was blind; and then there was a greet lang lankering joan of a fellow, he got up and said, 'aw bless God aw can say wi my sister, bless God for what He's dune for me; yance aw was blin'd but now aw see : ' now," she continued, "ye 'naw that's a lee, for ye 'naw that Bet Dickens niver had a brother i' a' her life; and lots o' them just talked i' the same way. Aw never saw sick a lot o' folks that says they've been blind i' a' my life, but aw believe they're le'an, but aw'll gang nae mair, that aw wint." Thus she went on and told every one nearly

the same story, always concluding with,
 “aw’ll gang nae mair, that aw wint.”

Poor Nanny kept her word, she went no more to a Methody love-feast. The only visit she had made to such an agapee served her to converse about for many years. Several years rolled away, and one day some young men from a neighbouring city, accompanied by several companions from other places, entered the village where Nanny and her husband resided. They sang as they walked along the street a lively tune to the well-known hymn commencing with—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power.”

The street choristers sang the whole hymn with great power, but more especially the chorus.

“Turn to the Lord and seek salvation,
 Sound the praise of His dear name ;
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.”

All the denizens of the place turned out to see the occasion of this wonderful phenomenon. The strangers stopped occasionally, and announced that they were about to hold religious service at the other end of the village. On their arrival at the appointed place there was a crowd of people collected to whom one of the young men proclaimed the way of salvation in a most earnest manner, and as there was considerable novelty about the whole service, most of the audience seemed to be much interested, and at the close an announcement was made for a similar service to be held there two weeks hence.

Several subsequent visits similar to the one just narrated were made, and as the winter season approached it was necessary that, if the young evangelists should continue their visits, some of the inhabitants must open their houses for worship. Nanny Brown and her husband had attended several of the open-air services, and were both pleased and profited by what they had heard, and after consulting together, they agreed to open

their domicile for the zealous young men to hold forth the word of life. In due time a class was organized, and Nanny and her husband gave in their names as members, for though they were not yet converted, they were desirous to flee from the wrath to come and be saved from their sins. By-and-by the happy change was effected, and they both knew on earth their sins forgiven, and poor Nanny no longer wondered at the strange manner in which the people spoke at the Methody love-feast.

At the time we were accustomed to lodge at the humble dwelling of these devoted Christian people they were somewhat stricken in years, but they were always happy. They never murmured at their lot, nor complained that they had so many hardships to endure. They were simple-hearted, true, devoted followers of Christ, and though they had but little of this world's goods they would always endeavour to pay their class-money, a penny a week and at least six-pence each for ticket-money, and when we would intimate that it

was hardly right that they should do this, they would always insist that it was but little to what they would like to give.

Blessed old couple, they held on their way a few years longer, when first the husband and then after a little the wife, were taken to their long home, where poverty is unknown and afflictions can never come. Who would not be grateful for Christianity, which can make the abodes of the poor such homes of comfort, and can give those who can sing literally and truly—

“No foot of land do I possess,”

a blooming prospect of glory, honour, immortality and eternal life? The religion of Jesus Christ shows its adaptedness to the wants and exigencies of the race by making those who are often in perplexity to rejoice, because that in heaven they have a more enduring substance.

Such converts as those now portrayed should encourage all who are labouring in evangelistic services; for surely, when the

Gospel can reach the hearts of such as they were, why should any despair ? ”

“ None need perish.”

“ All may live, for Christ hath died.”

And if one class of agents fail to reach those who are sitting in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death, let us rejoice that other agencies are honoured of God in rescuing them from the gloom of sin and bringing honour to the Master. There needs to be a great amount of personal effort used that all may know the Lord, and while it is God’s ordained method to save men by the preaching of the everlasting Gospel, He may raise up various agencies for the same grand purpose ; and whenever these go forth and are used as auxiliaries to the agencies already employed we rejoice in their prosperity and wish them God-speed.

The Church needs to employ all its members—no matter what kind of talents they may possess. There is work for all to do, and when all are willing to occupy such

spheres of usefulness as their respective talents fit them for, we expect to see accessions made daily to the Church of such as shall be saved. Brilliant talents are not required in every instance by those who work for Christ—a sincere wish to be useful is the most important requisite. A word spoken in season may be as an arrow to wound the conscience. Once a number of young persons were making sport of something which they heard at the village chapel a short time before. A young man who was just then girding on the Christian armour heard the mocking words, and quietly said, “Young people, you must either turn or burn,” and then took no further notice of their conversation. A few years rolled away and the said young man, who had now become a Minister of the Gospel, was again at the same place, and at the close of the service he was asked if he remembered saying to a number of young persons who were trying to be merry by mocking him, “you must either

turn or burn." He did not remember the occasion, but thought he had very likely made use of such language. "Well," said the person who was addressing him, "if you do not remember I do, for I was one of the number, and the words 'turn or burn,' were like an arrow in my heart, they produced such a wound as made me that I could not rest neither night nor day until I found rest in Jesus."

There was a farmer driving his team from a Canadian city when something went wrong, and he swore, and beat the horses most unmercifully. While he was belching forth his dreadful imprecations, a plain, unlettered Christian man went up to him and said, "My dear sir, please do not take the name of my heavenly Father so much in vain," and passed along, but the farmer was convicted of his wicked course, and from that moment began to amend his ways, and eventually he became a useful member of the Church, and has since died a happy death.

Here, then, are two instances, in both of which a kind word of reproof produced such an effect as led to conversion. Let our readers remember that he "who converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins."

THE END.

